

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CXXIII.

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## POETRY.

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## MEDIÆVAL ITALY.

THE music quaint of viol and lute  
 Floated merrily through the air ;  
 But well away ! my Soul was mute,  
 Mute with a vague despair.

Scarlet the streaks of sunset ;  
 Purple the clouds of night ;  
 Scarlet three ghastly streaks which met  
 My astonied, aching sight.

THE Peacock they bore athwart the hall,  
 With jubilant trumpet-blast ;  
 When low and sad came a spirit-call,  
 Like a wailing wind it past.

Up from the myrtle thicket,  
 Up from the black lagoon,  
 There floated through the wicket  
 A Phantom pale as the moon.

Each Arab steed, within his stall,  
 Whinnied a piercing cry ;  
 Each startled hound, in the banquet hall,  
 Howled as it floated by.

Within my chamber lowly,  
 Bowed the Phantom's crownèd head,  
 As, with beckoning finger, slowly  
 He approached my pallet-bed.

Uprose the full and crimson moon,  
 Gleamed through the trellised vine ;  
 Stunned were my ears by the deep bassoon,  
 By the songs of love and wine.

They feasted within the painted hall ;  
 They danced, made jubilee ;  
 They heard not the plaintive phantom-call ;  
 Saw not who had come to me ;  
 Yet there sate his daughters jovial,  
 Each one on her husband's knee.

And one was clothed in rose-red silk,  
 The second in velvet green,  
 The third in satin white as milk ; —  
 Would their souls as fair had been !

Athenæum.

## THE FIRST SORROW.

BEAUTIFUL boy ! so still to-night ;  
 Little pale face, 'twas once so bright ;  
 Weary mother, with tearful eye,  
 Patiently hoping he will not die.  
 Oh, there is no grief so deep and clear,  
 None springs from the heart like a mother's  
 tear.

Why wilt thou leave the bright green earth ?  
 When the sunshine and roses are bursting  
 forth,  
 When joy and plenty are on the wing,  
 Away to welcome the beautiful Spring,  
 And clouds of light from the crystal shore  
 Are gliding in at window and door ?

Why wilt thou go, my own sweet child ?  
 Is the world too cruel, too sin-defiled ?  
 Canst thou not venture thy spotless soul  
 Where waves of the deepest colour roll ?  
 Nor dare to launch thy little boat,  
 Sweet boy, on the waters unbound afloat ?

Ah ! I have watched thee with jealous care,  
 And wafted thy name on the wings of prayer ;  
 Have listened thy tones with earnest joy,  
 And caressed thy form, my angel boy.  
 Heaven wills it, I rise this test above,  
 With the faith and the trust of a mother's love.

Chambers' Journal.

## THE SOUL AS A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

My soul is like some cage-born bird, that hath  
 A restless prescience — howsoever won —  
 Of a broad pathway leading to the sun,  
 With promptings of an oft-reproved faith

In sunward yearnings. Stricken tho' her  
 breast,  
 And faint her wing with beating at the bars  
 Of sense, she looks beyond out-lying stars,  
 And only in the Infinite sees rest.

Sad soul ! if ever thy desire be bent  
 Or broken to thy doom, and made to share  
 The ruminant's beatitude, — content,  
 Chewing the cud of knowledge, with no care

For germs of life within, — then will I say :  
 Thou art not cag'd, but fitly *stall'd* in clay !  
 Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.

## THE OLD TRYSTING-PLACE.

WITHIN my heart dreams of far-distant days  
 Are shut like pictures in some clasped  
 tome —  
 Sad memories and sweet, that wake always,  
 Whene'er these woods I roam.

For here it was I met her first — and last,  
 And here were held our soft communions  
 all,  
 In that embalmed, memory-treasured past  
 I now in thought recall.

If I could meet and greet hercin to-day  
 A dear, dear soul, as in a day gone by,  
 There is no man in God's wide world could  
 say  
 He was more blest than I.

But ah, it cannot be, it cannot be !  
 For she who met me here in days of yore,  
 Gone from our sphere, O great, good Lord,  
 to Thee,  
 May tryste me nevermore !

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

## THE HOPE OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.\*

MOST cultivated men profess to have some knowledge of the building-art. The knowledge is avowedly but superficial, just a refinement; not a serious acquaintance with the work of men, but a genteel and delicate appreciation of what they call "the beautiful." In other words, they know what pleases them, and yet they do not know why, and have no thought or care about the worthiness, or otherwise, of their enjoyment. They possibly have learnt some names of styles, and can, perhaps, distinguish more or less correctly what these mean. Their judgment is in favour of some style as "preferable;" and they pique themselves upon their keen discernment of the special merits and peculiar knack of certain living architects. This is the class and character of those who pass for men of taste, who take lead in Boards and Church Committees and Government Commissions, and to them is very greatly due the constantly declining state of English art. Our buildings fully justify the estimate that not one "cultivated man" among ten thousand has sound knowledge and discriminating power in architectural affairs, or an opinion that is worth a moment's confidence. The small minority will testify that this is true, and that the talk concerning art and artists prevalent in good society is generally make-believe and empty prattle.

Such ignorance should be abated. To obtain a thorough knowledge of the methods and the merits of true art would need much time as well as patient industry; but, thanks to Mr. Fergusson, an amateur may promptly gain a large comparative acquaintance with the noble works of ancient builders as well as with the feeble efforts of our modern men. And though, unhappily, a history of modern architecture, with its illustrations, must resemble a museum of morbid and deformed anatomies, relieved, perhaps, by some few seeming miracles of pleasing combination, or of grace of form;

yet the discriminating student, reading Mr. Fergusson's instructive work, will not be scandalized, but he will find his interest in the subject constantly increasing as he follows the historian and admires his ready power of diagnosis and his well-practised, though ideal, therapeutic skill. The specimens of art are chosen with sound judgment and a very comprehensive knowledge. The views and plans are interesting, clear, and well engraved, and thus the work is made as systematic as a cyclopaedia, as full of information as a handbook, and as amusing as a novel.

But it is more than this. The "History" is, in fact, a continuous pungent satire on the royal, reverend, and noble victims of the modern system; an exhibition of the monumental follies of the vaunted "culture of the West," and a display, as frank as it is enlightened, of the petrified delusions of three hundred years. The climax of the work is in the preface and the introduction. Here Mr. Fergusson has concentrated the result of his long study of the modern styles, and he proclaims them all to be mere pomp and semblance, "vanity and lies:"—

The styles of architecture which have been described in the previous parts of this work [those on ancient architecture] may be called the true styles. Those that remain to be examined may in like manner be designated the copying or imitative styles of architectural art.

It is perhaps not too much to say that no perfectly truthful architectural building has been erected in Europe since the Reformation. In modern designs there is always an effort either to reproduce the style of some foreign country or that of some bygone age; frequently both. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not Roman buildings, though affecting a classical style of ornamentation; and even the Walhalla and the Madeleine are only servile copies. So, too, with our Gothic fashions. Our best modern churches attain to no greater truthfulness or originality of design than exists in the Walhalla, or in buildings of that class.

All this degrades architecture from its high position as a quasi-natural production to that of a mere imitative art. In this form it may be quite competent to gratify our tastes and

\* *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.*  
By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S. Second Edition. London, 1873.

feelings, but can never appeal to our higher intellectual faculties.

Besides this loss of intellectual value, the art has lost all ethnographic signification. So completely is this the case that few are aware that such a science exists as the ethnography of art, and that the same ever shifting fashions have not always prevailed.

Truth and simplicity, and ethnographic value being lost, the charge of wastefulness must necessarily follow : —

While admiring the true mediæval art with the intensest enthusiasm, I cannot without regret see so much talent employed and so much money wasted in producing imitations of it which are erected in defiance of every principle of Gothic art. Neither can I look without extreme sorrow on the obliteration of everything that is truthful or worthy of study in our noble cathedrals or beautiful parish churches; nor do I care to refrain from expressing my dissent from the system which is producing these deplorable results.

This is good criticism and sound sense, and so is very much to be commended to the patrons of cathedral "restoration."

After a humorous and sarcastic reference to the destruction and defacement that in thirty years have made our churches, abbeys, and cathedrals, in a second sense memorials of the past, Mr. Fergusson declares that —

All our grand old buildings are now clothed in falsehood, and all our new buildings aim only at deceiving. If this is to continue, architecture in England is not worth writing about; but this work has been written that those who read it may be led to perceive how false and mistaken the principles are on which modern architecture is based, and how easy it would be to succeed, if we would only follow in the same path which has led to perfection in all countries of the world, and in all ages preceding that to which the history contained in this volume extends.

This volume, and the two which have preceded it, are the most complete and comprehensive English history of architecture that has yet appeared. They are particularly valuable as an index to the various schools and styles of architectural work; and if the student will accept them as a warning and a guide, and, rejecting modern buildings as "decep-

tions," will select some "true" old work to draw and measure parts of it full-size and stone by stone, an unexpected interest will probably arise. A new companionship will be discovered, and where all had seemed mechanical and tame, the stones will soon be felt to be alive. The spirit of the master-workman will be manifested in each curve and joint, and even in the very setting of the work. His mental and artistic growth will be revealed; a sympathetic art association will be gained with a true manly simple workman, and with a mind and method utterly removed from the "refined" impostures that delude our much-enlightened cultivated age.

To those but little educated in the ways of art the *master-workman* is a mystery. His influence and existence are half doubted, half denied, or wholly misconceived; and thus it seems that he requires some further introduction to society to make his quality, his antecedents, and his expectations fully known, and so to justify his claim to independent recognition and a *status* in the world. This introduction we propose to give, and we shall show that in the progress of "true" art the master-workman was the pioneer, and made and followed up the path that Mr. Fergusson declares has "led art to perfection."

All history tells us that in every scene, or kind, or period of art, whenever it was true, original, and great, the workman was the master. His often questionable social *status* did not in the least affect his dominant position in the world of art; and if we go to Athens, where art reached its ancient climax, and inquire what were the value and condition of an architect in Greece, Plato has furnished us with a complete reply. He says that "you could buy" (*πρῶτον*) "a common builder" (*τέκτων*) "for five or six minæ at most, but a master-workman" (*ἀρχιτέκτων*) "not even for ten thousand drachmæ, for there are few of them even among all the Greeks."\* Thus in Plato's time — and he was born but three years after Phidias had died — the master-workman might

\* *Ἐπιστολ.*, p. 135.

in common conversation be referred to as a slave. He was a rare luxury, and so was worth above four hundred pounds, or twenty times the price of a mere labourer. This startling sum is quoted, not for some neophyte or unknown article, but for the very few selected "among all the Greeks." Or if Plato's negative conveys a wider meaning, and assumes that the chief builder was above all price, and in no way purchasable, but a choice gift from heaven, such a being is beyond our modern comprehension and experience.

Our object in this discussion is not archæological or classical or antiquarian, but solely practical, and with a view to the future. We are endeavouring to discover what the method was by which the Greeks and "Goths" achieved their great success in architectural affairs, that thus by contrast we may find the cause of our habitual failure. The Greek "architect" then was not a workman only, or even a chief workman; he was the master-workman, or chief of the workmen. He was a simple workman in his origin, and probably by family descent, but, advanced to superintendence, he would "make the plan, arrange the elevations, and be, in fact, the foreman of the work." However, let us again hear Plato. "*Eleatic Stranger*.—The master-workman does not work himself, but is the ruler of workmen." "He contributes knowledge, but not manual labour, and may, therefore, be justly said to share in theoretical science. But he ought not, when he has formed a judgment, to regard his functions as at an end, like the calculator; he must assign to the individual workmen their appropriate task until they have completed the work."

The architect was, in fact, the foreman of the works. He "formed a judgment," that is, he decided on the plan or detail, and thus "contributed knowledge and theoretical science." He was "the ruler of the workmen," and so *must always have been upon the works*; and "he assigned to the individual workmen their appropriate task," and to do this he must himself have been a workman, as any jury of twelve working carpenters and masons

would immediately declare. Thus, with the help of another "chief" or two, Ictinus built the Parthenon. And four master-workmen were engaged on the foundations of the temple of the Olympian Jove at Athens. If we imagine, then, a dozen architects employed on the foundations of the Law Courts, we shall recognize the difference between the ancient working foreman and the modern "architect."

It is further remarkable that we seldom read of a Greek architect who built more than one temple, and never do we find him engaged on more than one building at a time. We never hear of him as a draughtsman, but so frequently are architects called also carvers that many must have been proficient in the plastic art. Theodorus, architect at Samos, was a modeller and carver. Callimachus, the inventor of the Corinthian capital, was of course a carver, and besides he was a goldsmith, an embosser and engraver, a maker of lamps, and, in fact, a very accomplished workman. Chotas, an assistant to Phidias, was a carver, and a master-workman of great eminence. Phidias was himself a carver, and his influence is visible in the refinement that distinguishes the Propylæa and the Parthenon. He was not the sub-contractor for the carver's work, but, as the noblest of the workmen, he was made by Pericles the chief superintendent of the works, the architects or master-workmen being under him. Plutarch tells us that "Phidias directed all, and was the overseer of all for Pericles. And yet the buildings had great architects and artists of the works. For the Parthenon was the work of Callicrates and Ictinus. And almost all things were in his hands, and, as we have said, he superintended all the artists."

For three centuries there had been a gradual and moderate improvement in the architecture of Greek temples; but under the influence of Phidias this at once rose to perfection, and the absolute refinement of the outlines, curvatures, and mouldings, is the evident result of his more accurate perception, cultivated by his constant study of the human form. Phidias was not regarded as a draughts-

man. We have no record of his drawings, but only that he *worked* in marble, ivory, and gold, and this not in a "study," as we have somewhere seen, but in a workshop (*ἐργαστήριον*); and, though in artistic and imaginary power he was supreme, he did not fail to use the skill of inferior men. "In Greece especial excellence in art and handiwork of every kind was greatly prized. The best workman in the most humble craft might succeed in rendering his name immortal. Superior artists were distinguished by the surname godlike; and we are told that the Greeks were accustomed to pray the gods that their memories might never die."<sup>\*</sup>

It is abundantly evident, then, that Greek art of all kinds was entirely and exclusively the product and expression of the workman. There is nothing in the slightest degree professional about it, nor have we evidence of any class of draughtsmen who prepared designs. Artists of the highest rank and greatest power lived at their work. Phidias was "borrowed" by the Eleians to "make" their statue of Olympian Jove, and Ictinus and Callicrates "built" the Parthenon. That was their "work." The design, exquisite as it is, would have been but a small affair for any draughtsman, and all the special merits of the work are quite beyond the draughtsman's sphere. They are the practical perfection of the improvements gradually made in former temples. The imagination and perception of the workmen had been trained by constant and hereditary use, and their effect was always manifest in architectural as well as sculptured forms.

Let us now pass from Greece to Rome, and leave philosophers and carvers and the master-workman for an author who is often glorified and quoted as the earliest known advocate and representative of the architectural profession. Vitruvius was for centuries a classic among architects, who made the world believe that he was really an authority of power and weight in architectural affairs, and so the laity have been persistently misled by the fictitious use of this man's worthy name.

"Architecture," we have been told, "is a fine art," and that Vitruvius has said it. Vitruvius has, in fact, said nothing of the kind, but in the first line of his treatise he declares that architecture is a "science arising out of many other sciences and adorned with much and varied learning."

Architecture is in practice thus transmuted, science takes the place of art, and instead of masters we shall now find only scholars. Vitruvius declares that he "will lay down rules which may serve as an authority to those who build, as well as to those who are already somewhat acquainted with the science." And so the good man's "rules" have "served as an authority," and for nothing else. They were, in fact, the law of the profession that was added because of transgression. The inspiration of the workman had been lost, and the regulations of the school-master were the necessary substitute. But wherever work that may be called Vitruvian has been done with demonstration of imaginative power, the good has been in spite of all Vitruvius has ruled, and by an inspiration such as he never had experienced or foreseen. The inspired workman *feels* the necessary, and forever varying, rules of art. He does not learn them from a treatise, nor accept them as unchangeable and inexpansive.

Vitruvius also in various places shows that among the Greeks the architect personally superintended the work. Ctesiphon, for instance, contrived the apparatus for conveying the shafts of the columns which he had prepared for the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. The man was evidently the master-workman. Pæonius attempted the same method, but was unable to complete his contract.

We have shown from Greek philosophy and Roman story that in building-work the first adviser was the master-workman, that he was the result of selection and culture, that he was a workman though a master, that he had coadjutors if not partners, that they personally superintended the buildings and the individual workmen, and were sometimes, if not always, contractors for the work. This is precisely the state and position of the mediæval master-workman. The Greek method and the "Gothic," and, in fact, all true building-methods, are essentially the same. The subtle curvatures in the lines of a Greek temple and the ornamentation, not casual or fortuitous, of a Gothic church, are the direct expression of the working men of various grades, but always present at the building; so that when building-work was excellent and dignified, there were master-workmen, and now that it is debased, we have no chief of the builders, but only a chief of the clerks, whose aim and occupation is not about art, but only concerning lux-

\* Winckelmann.

ury. The modern method is "like cookery, wholly in the service of pleasure without regarding either the nature or the reason of the pleasure," but the ancient practice "has to do with the soul, the processes of art making a provision for the soul's highest interest."

Nothing can be worse for "the soul" than a constant appeal to the low instincts and ignorant prejudices of a public greedy for luxuries and display. And yet, after centuries of neglect and of admitted failure, we still continue to despise the workman, and vainly trust in the imposture that would fain "imitate" his works, and thus pretend to take his place. It is the workman only that can effectually perceive and feelingly originate the more subtle elements of good architectural design. Our *dilettanti* and composers talk of the Greek workman's work as if some special superhuman power had wrought it, and to rival it were hopeless. But if the modern workman could get rid of his desire for all the many curses of our modern "civilizing arts," and would simply work and make a steady study of his work, he would inevitably rival, and in some respects he might surpass, the glories of the Parthenon itself. But good imaginative work can never come of avarice and greed, nor is there any hope for art in England while the public mind is subject to artistic superstitions. Until we get entirely rid of the fine words that have imposed upon the public, we shall not have sound knowledge and intelligent ideas. "*Fine art*," for instance, is a term of fashion, and the "fine" gentlemen who got themselves dubbed "*dilettanti*," "connoisseurs," and "men of taste," used this "superior" epithet to scare the uninitiated and exclude "the vulgar."

"Art" is another of this class of words. It did mean true imaginative work, but now it means a trade. If art be now our aim and hope, we should abandon all this verbal folly. Art should be known as work, and not as the mere prefigurement of work; we should talk no more of sculptors and professors, architects and artists, but of carvers and master-masons, painters and braziers, carpenters and smiths. Instead of studios and offices we should get back to the prosaic workshop, the *epytarhion* of Phidias, and the *bottega* of Michael Angelo; and we should recognize with due respect, and even with affectionate familiarity, such poor implements as the plain workman's bench and stool, the

banquer and the forge. We should learn that the imagination of a man is to be used not for the glorification of another's work but that he may have pleasure in his own; that his first duty is sound work, and that in this his highest object and chief end should be the culture of the soul that has been given him for his particular development and constant care. When these are all admitted as "the rights of man," we may begin to hope; and soon, instead of the fashionable vanities which "fine art" now produces, we certainly shall see again the genuine workman's work, all good and true, and in its excellence as fine as any relic of the Athenian school, or of the *unrestored* chief mason's work of Lincoln or of Wells.

Vitruvius and the Romans were but *dilettanti* in their patronage and practice of Greek art. The plain, coarse-minded, practical, and semi-scientific Roman workman, whether bricklayer or mason, was essentially a constructor, and the arch was with him worth all the orders. These he retained just as a fashion, and in using them he treated poor Vitruvius and his "rules" with scant respect. The workman then concerned himself with his arcades, and domes, and lines, and curvatures of plan, and the orders became mere fringes, the artistic sop to gratify the Roman *dilettanti*.

During the semi-classic period of the earlier Romanesque the workman's more imaginative art was little used. The plans of the basilicas were stereotyped and very simple, and the workmen had the slight amusement of assorting various capitals and columns for the nave and aisles, with some occasional and interesting efforts of design in capitals of sub-"Corinthian" form. But in the "Lombard" and Byzantine works there is ample evidence of the individual thought and handicraft of the inspired workmen and their chief. The work is practical and thoroughly artistic, the expression of direct thought acting on present material. The workman's mind and hand are seen throughout; his thoughts are manifested as they rise. Changes of detail or of plan are prompt, open, and decided; and at once, without the painful preparation of the schoolman or the office clerk, the utterance is given, and a new line of poetry is in a moment added to the refined beneficent enjoyments of the world.

In looking at the east front of the Louvre, or at the western elevation of St. Paul's, we soon appreciate the harmony

of studied composition and admire the grace of outline, but no sympathy arises. The design, we know, was drawn by a magnificent composer, who prepared his classical and picturesque effects away in some dull room, but of the men "that did the work" we never think at all. But when, after a long day's study of the beautiful Duomo that Buschetto built at Pisa, we retire to the shadow of the Baptistery to see the glorious front illumined by the summer's setting sun, no thought arises of the bigness of the church, or of its cost, or even of its architectural effect as an imposing structure, but only of the workmen that so many centuries ago had done the work; we seemingly converse and sympathize directly with the master-workman and with all his men.\* In no single view that we have seen is there so clear and multitudinous a sense of the true working artist's presence; the stones seem cut and fixed in some instinctively harmonious way, each by a separate workman, yet in perfect and spontaneous concert with a general design.

This is the climax of Italian mediæval art. The Parthenon at Athens marked the last step of centuries of progress. The building-form was perfect, and the ideal forms of gods and heroes were conceived and worked in studious contemplation of supreme humanity. At Pisa we have varied work instead of perfect form, and while we reverence the majesty of Attic art, we sympathize more quickly with the prompt and individual fancy of the homely Lombards. Much of the difference of the two styles was naturally due to the dimensions of the building-stone. In Greece the massive blocks of stone and marble would induce severity of outline and colossal forms, but the work of Italy, at all times conscious of the arch, preferred small stones, and so gave greater liberty to all the workmen.

The building-work at Venice has been so well described that it is perfectly familiar even to the untravelled reader; so we pass on to England, where the influence of the individual workman is as clear as at the Pisan Duomo. Thus, "Benedict, the Abbot of Wearmouth (A.D. 676), crossed the ocean to Gaul, and brought back with him *stone-masons* to make a church after the Roman fashion." Benedict also "sent to Gaul to bring over glass-makers, a kind of artificers hitherto unknown in Britain, to close"

(i.e. with glass) "the windows of the church. And they came and taught the English nation thenceforth to know and learn an art so well suited to the lanterns of the church and the vessels for various uses." These master-workmen, then, were themselves the leaders in the arts, and "taught the English nation." We are ourselves indebted to these working men; and the Newcastle glass-works may claim direct descent from the few immigrants who twelve hundred years ago were settled by the Wear.

Again, Naitan, king of the Picts, sent to Abbot Ceolfrid, of Jarrow, asking him to send him "master-workmen (*architectos*) who might build among his own people a stone church after the manner of the Romans; and Ceolfrid sent him the master-builders whom he required." Naitan asked not for "an architect" to build many churches, but for plural *architectos* to build one church; working foremen, in fact, or "master-workmen who should assign to the individual workmen their appropriate tasks."

The same method continues. In the reign of Edgar, the Isle of Ramsay, in Huntingdonshire, belonged to a nobleman named Aylwine, "who was attracted to Oswald, Bishop of Worcester, by the sanctity of his deportment," and during a long and holy conversation with the bishop, it came out that Aylwine, having been long ill, was cured by St. Benedict, and received a mission to erect a monastery in the island. Oswald having in his diocese "twelve brethren in one village who had cast behind their backs the lusts of the flesh, and were only warmed with divine love," and who would willingly undertake the charge, proposed, like the famous man of business that he was, at once to go with Aylwine, and inspect the place. And then explaining to his companion that, "while erecting there a temporary mansion, we shall also be erecting, if our faith fail not, a mansion eternal in the heavens, let us (said he) commence at once, lest the devil should take occasion of any delay to breathe a colder spirit upon us. Let me, therefore, send hither a certain man faithful and approved in such works, under whose management a little refectory and dormitory may be prepared." Ædnothus was sent, who laid out the ground, enlarged the chapel, and added other buildings, according to Oswald's plan. Ædnothus had the care of all the out-door works. He, during the winter, provided the masons' tools of wood and

\* A.D. 1846. The front is now "restored."

iron, and in the spring he set out the plan of the foundations and dug out the ground. He was, in fact, the chief of the workmen, and he made a fine building of it. The central tower of the church, however, began to crack, and Ædnothus had to report the failure to Aylwine, who agreed to find the money for the restoration. The labourers approached the tower by the roof, and, going stoutly to work, razed it to the very ground, dug out the treacherous earth, made the foundation sure, and again "rejoiced to see the daily progress of the work." What a contrast all this is to our present condition and practice! The nobleman "attracted to the bishop by the sanctity of his deportment;" the memory of the vow after recovery; the "twelve brethren in one village who have cast behind their backs the lusts of the flesh;" the fear of the "cold breath of the devil;" a bishop who could make a plan, and the "man faithful in works;" the cleverness and alacrity of the labourers, and their "rejoicing in the progress of their work," are such a beatific vision that our retrospective view confirms the holy Oswald's prescient declaration, "Verily, this is another Eden, preordained for men destined for the highest heaven;" a remark that has not reached our ears respecting the scene of any recent architectural effort.

Such was the system of artistic practice that for six centuries served to make England the finest scene of architectural display that the world ever saw. The workmen worked "after their manner;" they were totally without extraneous artistic tutelage, and the people understood and appreciated the work with no more consciousness or study than would be required for ordinary speech and conversation. The masons were of course largely employed on ecclesiastical buildings; not under the patronage of the clergy, however, but on the contrary rather patronizing them, as we find in a very interesting episode of ecclesiastical and architectural history:—

In the year of Grace one thousand one hundred and seventy-four, by the just but occult judgment of GOD, the Church of CHRIST at Canterbury was consumed by fire. [The monks with due deliberation took good counsel how they might repair the church, but the masons, English and French, whom they consulted, varied in their advice.] However, there had come a certain William of Sens, a man active and ready, and, as a workman, most skilful both in wood and stone. Him, there-

fore, the monks retained, on account of his lively genius and good reputation. And to him, and to the providence of GOD, was the execution of the work committed. And he residing many days with the monks, and carefully surveying the burnt walls in their upper and lower parts, within and without, did yet for some time conceal what he found necessary to be done, lest the truth should kill them in their present state of pusillanimity.

But he went on preparing all things that were needful for the work, either of himself or by the agency of others. And when the monks began to be somewhat comforted, he ventured to confess that the pillars rent with the fire, and all that they supported, must be destroyed if the monks wished to have a safe and excellent building. At length they agreed, being convinced by reason, and wishing, above all things, to live in security.

And now he addressed himself to the procuring of stone from beyond the sea. He constructed ingenious machines for loading and unloading ships, and for drawing cement and stones. He delivered moulds for shaping the stones to the sculptors who were assembled, and diligently prepared other things of the same kind.

William of Sens, the master-workman, thus continued the old Athenian method, and "assigned to the individual workmen their appropriate task." In the summer of the third year William had a bad fall with the scaffolding, and being "sorely bruised, gave up the work, and, crossing the sea, returned to his home in France. And another succeeded him in the charge of his works, William by name, English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." We quote two more lines for the sake of the italics:

Now let us carefully examine what were the works of *our mason* in this seventh year from the fire.

In this eighth year *the master* erected eight interior pillars.

Our readers will probably accept the above as conclusive evidence that the master-workman was a fact in English architectural history, and that he is not a "crotchet." William of Sens was no compiling copyist. He was a man of thoughtful independent mind, and was one of the earliest to adopt the pointed arch. We hear nothing of his drawings, but only of his moulds for shaping the stones which he himself delivered to the workmen.

Proceeding a step further, to the reign of Henry III., the culminating period of early pointed art, we find the famous

Bishop, Robert Grosseteste, saying in a letter, that —

In all kinds of workmanship the master of the work and workmen has the full power, as indeed it is his duty, to investigate and examine, with the utmost diligence, the properties, the different qualities, and the suitability alike of his materials and of the implements necessary for the work; and to make trial of the skill, diligence, and trustworthiness of those that serve under him, so that he may correct whatever is wrong or faulty. *And this he should do, not only through others, but, when it is needful, with his own hand.*

This "master of the work and workmen" is the kind of man that built the choir at Westminster.

In mediæval times, when travelling was difficult and "good society" was rare, the high-placed well-born churchmen would require some gentle pleasant recreation to enjoy in concert with their neighbours and subordinates both clerical and lay. Building just served this purpose, and the amount of noble work that these men left as records of their "piety" makes it clear that art lost nothing by the absence of the drawing-master and his staff. In course of time a guild or craft arose called the freemasons, who were especially employed on sacred buildings. These men were families of masons, and the secrets or the technicalities of their craft were, just as in ancient Greece, transmitted by inheritance; a true vernacular that never became taught or formed itself into a science, but was a simple living art that constantly advanced. Hope tells us that —

Many ecclesiastics of the highest rank, abbots, prelates, and bishops, conferred additional weight on the order of freemasons by becoming its members, themselves superintending the construction of their churches. The masons, when they sought employment, had a chief surveyor who governed the whole troop, and appointed one man as warden over nine others. They built temporary huts round the site of their work, regularly organized their different departments, and sent for fresh supplies of men as they were required.

Thus the surveyors and the wardens were again the "master-workmen who assigned to each workman his appropriate task." In 1442 King Henry VI. became a mason, and spared no pains to be a master of the art. The good example of the king was followed very sensibly by many of the nobility, and we subsequently find that the king had perfect aptitude and thorough knowledge of the craft: —

About twelve years before his death, the king, being at his palace of Westminster, went into the monastery church, and so forth to St. Edward's shrine within the same; where he pointed with his staff the length and breadth of his sepulture, and commanded a mason to be called, named Thirske, at that time *master-mason* of the chapel of King Henry V., who, by the commandment of the king and in his presence, marked out the length and breadth of the said sepulture with an iron pickis which he had brought with him.

Thirske, the master-mason, was then evidently a working man. A document was then prepared, "containing the will and mind of the king in the devising of his sepulture," and two messengers being sent to John Essex, head marbeller in "Powlys Chirchard," he and Thomas Stevyns, coppersmith, of Gutter Lane, went to the king at Westminster, "and bargained with him for his tomb to be made, and received of the king in part payment xis. in grotes." The association for a king was doubtless very low, but, after all, both kings and people in those times did find their common interest and delight in noble works of art and not in vile destruction.

Again, at Winchester, Walkelyn, the bishop, began to rebuild the cathedral in A.D. 1079, and he built most nobly. His transepts are for impressiveness quite unsurpassed, but his name is little known in comparison with that of William of Wykeham, who was bishop some three centuries later, and who is held to be the architectural hero of the Winton church. He was a man of business, clerk of the king's works, clever at accounts, princely in his munificence, and a friend of learning, great in his designs, but an abominable builder. The work at Winchester that he directed is but a desperate collapse of art. He touched nothing that he did not deface. The west front is, for its size, the poorest in the kingdom. The interior of the nave is a distinguished specimen of that mechanical and costly commonplace which quickly charms the vulgar. If our readers will compare this fashionable work with the grand and simple "Norman" transepts, or with the noble nave of Romsey Abbey, they will begin perhaps to question whether New College is a sufficient expiation for such wholesale and irreparable vandalism. Wykeham, however, was not the "architect" who designed the work, as is so generally supposed, nor yet, of course, the master-mason. He was probably the intelligent, and unpoetical, and inartistic

tic *operarius* or chief director of the king's masons, "whose special duty it was to make arrangements with the master of the works."

In art there is no patronage or servitude. The interest and delight are common to the king, the public, and the handicraftsman. Like poetry and science, art must be free, and in its own sphere supreme, or otherwise its spirit fades, and energy and life are lost. Rank, royalty, and riches may become the deferential sympathizing friends of art, but not its patrons or its fashionable guides. So when the evil influence of which Wykeham was the early representative became paramount, and ostentation was promoted above excellence, art retired, and the masons soon adopted the mechanical and hasty method of design now called the perpendicular and Tudor styles. In these there is abundance of idea and of able workmanship, but the ideas are superficial, and the work, though neat and scientific, has neither individuality nor true poetic feeling. All that the courtiers and the men of trade required was prompt achievement and vainglorious display, regardless of the dignity or degradation of the workmen. Dudley and Empson, and their royal master, are the moral illustrations of the Tudor style.

But we need not limit our inquiry to England. Let us now cross the sea to Spain, and learn what Mr. Street can tell us about mediæval architects. In Chapter XXI. of his interesting work on "Gothic Architecture in Spain," he says, "Almost all the architects or masters of the works referred to in all the books I have examined seem to have been laymen, and just as much a distinct class as architects are at the present day." This is, unfortunately, their only similarity; they are "distinct," but in a totally opposite way. Raymond of Montforte, for instance, when employed by the Chapter of Lugo, A.D. 1129, "was retained solely for the work there." His salary was annual; his engagement was for life. He is called in the contract not "architect," but "master of the works" —

The title which, in course of time, was usually given to the architect; though I am not inclined to think that it makes it impossible that he should also have worked with his own hands. Indeed, the very next notice of an architect is of one who certainly did act as sculptor on his own works. This was Matthew, master of the works at Santiago Cathedral. Ferdinand II., A.D., 1163, granted

him a pension of a hundred *maravedis* annually for the rest of his life; and the fact proves, I think, the king's sense of the value of a fine church, and also somewhat as to the degree of importance which its designer may have attained to when he was recognized at all by the king. There can be no doubt that he had been acting there both as sculptor and architect; and if from a modern point of view he lost caste as an architect, he, no doubt, gained it as an artist. Here, as at Lugo, the master of the works was appointed at a salary for his lifetime, and held his office precisely in the same way as do the surveyors of our own cathedrals at the present day.

Mr. Street gets very much misled by his nomenclature. The king gave the pension not to the "designer," but to the carver of the doorways. He would certainly have been perplexed if some draughtsman had been presented to him as the "designer" of the work. The carver was, of course, the designer; and Matthew wrote his name upon the lintels because he "did the work." Ferdinand appreciated well the relative importance of himself and Matthew, and he paid a proper tribute to the mason's great superiority. He saw that heaven itself had recognized the "master" and that the workman who conceived and wrought the "glory" of St. James was a creator, and in mental rank, in permanence of power and influence, and in nobility of work, above the patronizing recognition of a king. We do not hear that Phidias "attained to importance" when "he was recognized" by Pericles. Titian is said to have been "recognized" by Charles V. in a becoming way.

In A.D. 1175, Raymundo, a *Lombardo* contracted to complete in seven years certain works in the cathedral at Urgel, and was to be paid by a canon's portion for the rest of his life. The mode of payment, the engagement for life, and the absence of any reference to a master of works, lead, I think, to the conclusion that he was, in truth, the architect, but [this "but" is very amusing] — but that he also superintended the execution of the works, and contracted for the labour.

In A.D. 1203, one Pedro de Cumba is "*maister et fabricator*," and there can be no doubt, therefore, that he not only designed but executed the work, which, as we go on, we shall find to have been a not very uncommon custom. (*O sancta simplicitas*!)

Jacobo de Favariis, one of the architects employed at the rebuilding of the Cathedral of Gerona,

was appointed in A.D. 1320-22, at a salary of two hundred and fifty *sueldos* a quarter, and under an agreement to come from Narbonne

six times a year. Here we seem to have a distinct recognition of a class of men who were not workmen, but really and only superintendents of buildings—in fact, architects in the modern sense of the word.

The word architect, then, has an ancient sense to contrast with its modern meaning, and, with Mr. Street's assistance we shall find that the old architects were persons of entirely different character and functions from their modern namesakes.

About the same time Jayme Fabre appears to have been one of the greatest architects of his day. It is impossible to read the account of the completion of the shrine of Sta. Eulalia at Barcelona without feeling that Fabre superintended a number of masons, and acted, in fact, as their foreman; though this is no reason why he should not *also have designed the work they executed*.

In the same year, at San Felice, Gerona, Pedro Zacoma, master of the works of the steeple, was *not to undertake any other works without permission*. He was to be paid by the day, with a yearly salary in addition. He must have been employed constantly at the church, and in such a building a man could hardly have been constantly employed without *absolutely working as a mason*.

This is conclusive. We have seen that the old "architect" and master-builder was a workman, that he designed the work, that he personally superintended it, and that he was constantly employed upon it; and now Mr. Street adds that this could hardly have been the case without his actually working as a mason.

In A.D. 1416, Guillermo Boffiy, master of the works of the cathedral at Gerona, proposed to build a single nave of the same width as the choir and its aisles. The chapter very prudently sought the advice of practical and able men on this bold, daring project, and a dozen architects were asked for their opinions upon oath. Of these—

All but two called themselves "*lapicida*." One was "*magister sive sculptor imaginum*;" and two only call themselves masters of the works. Their answers seem to prove that they were all men of considerable intelligence.

There cannot be a shadow of doubt that at the beginning of the fifteenth century *most of the superintendents of buildings, in Cataluña at any rate, were sculptors or masons also*. Their own description of themselves is conclusive on this point; at the same time their answers are all given in the tone and style of architects; and it is quite certain that had there been a superior class of men—architects only in the modern sense of the word—the dean and chapter would have applied first of all to them.

And thus we see why "architecture in the modern sense" is "certainly superior" to the mediæval work of which it is, as our historian announces, but a "copying or imitative style." Mr. Street's notions of superiority and his opinions about mediæval deans and chapters appear hardly to be justified by architectural evidence; but on the other hand his testimony is so frank and candid, so valuable and copious, that there is some difficulty in knowing how to select and when to make an end. We venture one or two quotations more:—

In A.D. 1518, Domingo Urteaga contracted for the erection of a church at Cocentaina in Valencia. *He bound himself to go with his wife and family to Cocentaina*. He was to be every day at the work, having half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner in winter, and an hour and a half in summer.

Clearly arrangements for a working man, and—

Though Urteaga was *evidently only a foreman of the works*, there is no reference to any superintendent or architect, and nothing is said about any plans which are to be followed. I conclude, therefore, that in this case *the foreman of works was really the architect*. Urteaga was to do all that a "master" ought in the management of such a work, and was to receive each day for himself five *suelos*, and was to provide two assistants and two apprentices, the former to have three *suelos* each, and the latter one and a half.

Of Guillermo Sagrera, who was both builder and architect of the Exchange at Palma, Mr. Street remarks that—

*He presented the plans himself*, and that there is no trace whatever of any architect or superintendent over him. It is doubted by some whether this mixture of the two offices of builder and architect was ever allowed in the middle ages, but Sagrera's agreement is conclusive as regards this particular case, and we may be tolerably sure that *such a practice must have been a usual one*, or it would hardly have been adopted in the case of so important a building.

The result that we arrive at after this *résumé* of the practice of Spanish architects is certainly that *it was utterly unlike the practice of our own day*.

After this long excursion—and thanks to Mr. Street for his instructive guidance—let us return to England. In his valuable contribution to "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," Mr. J. H. Parker says:

This point of the necessity of a gang of skilled workmen accustomed to work together

for the production of the great works of mediæval art has not been sufficiently attended to. The fables of the freemasons have produced a natural reaction, and the degree of truth which there is in their traditions has consequently been overlooked. We know that each of our great cathedrals had a gang of workmen attached to it in regular pay, almost as a part of the foundation, for the fabric fund could not be lawfully devoted to any other purpose; and these workmen became by long practice very skilful, more especially the masons or workers in, and the carvers of, freestone, as distinct from the labourers, who merely laid the rubble-work for the foundations and rough part of the fabric. From various indications it would seem that there was a royal gang of workmen in the king's pay by whom the great works ordered, and perhaps designed by the king himself (*such being the complete diffusion of architectural taste and knowledge*), were constructed. The wills of Henry VI. and Henry VII. seem to show that these monarchs were at least, to some extent, architects themselves; they give the most minute directions for the works to be done just as any architect might have done. St. George's, King's College, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, were all probably built by the royal gang of masons.

With this we close our English evidence from mediæval work and records. We have continuous proof that in the west of Europe and throughout the middle ages the master-workman was the designer of the buildings. Even so late as the seventeenth century, when the Renaissance was developed nearly to the full, we find that Wadham College Chapel was designed and built by a small gang of working masons brought from Somersetshire. But in Italy, three hundred years before, a draughtsman was employed to make a fine design for foolish work, and then the decadence of architecture had begun. Giotto, the most inspired as well as most extensive painter of his age, was a wall-decorator, a master-workman, full of fancy, and with visions of human sentiment and duty constantly before him. These he soaked into the wet plaster, and as fresco pictures they remain his nobler kind of workmanship. But in a conventional and decorative painter's way he also imitated wooden panelling and marbles and mosaic-work, and when the Florentines, smitten with vanity and pride of purse, resolved to make a tower, not simply as a thing of beauty, but "to exceed in magnificence, height, and excellence of workmanship, whatever of the kind had been achieved by Greeks and Romans," Giotto was engaged as the "*capo maestro*," at a yearly salary of

one hundred florins in gold, and *he was not to leave Florence*. His order and his business aim were, not to make a work of art, but studiously to satisfy a vain ambition. But the Athenians, when they built the Parthenon, never dreamed that any good could be attained by rivaling the Rameseum and the Pyramids in magnificence and height. They sought to exceed, not others, but themselves: "and, as the works arose inimitable in form and grace, the makers vied to excel the handiwork itself by the beauty of their art."

Giotto then made a superficial false design after the manner of a wall-decorator, and not of a chief builder or a master-mason; preparing carefully a model of the tower and marking in the joints and colour of the marble-work. The panelling and mosaic-work are an elaborate and costly copy of the cheap facile painter's work, itself an imitation, that Giotto used to cover his inferior wall surfaces and enframe his fresco pictures. It is "exquisite," but it is not architecture. It is, in fact, an early exhibition of the "imitative style." The enrichment which should be a developed grace and an occasional efflorescence on a huge building like this tower, is, in fact, a complete casing, and reveals, sufficiently for Giotto's credit, though to Florentine disgrace, that the tower was built as it was ordered for the sake of the decoration, instead of decoration being used with modest reticence to glorify the tower. The masonry is but a scaffolding or core. The panelling is made like joiner's work, and, as is right in panelling, but very wrong in towers, suggests extension and tenuity and lightness of material with corresponding sacrifice of solid power and stability. This, with the tall proportions of the panels, gives a frail and insecure effect to the whole surface. The marble-work appears to have no adequate support, but to be in danger, from the slightest settlement, of flaking off. The small mosaic-work upon the window-jamb and other parts is but a record of much futile drudgery. The tracery in the topmost windows and the tall twisted columns are both bad and frivolous, and the large high projecting parapet and cornice are entirely disproportioned to the light feeble-looking work on which they are constructed. The general effect is "elegant" and delicate, but for the dignity and power that a building of this height and size should manifest, Giotto's tower is far below the

work of our old masons, or of the Lombard architects. The tower was a genuine conception of the committee mind, and Giotto was engaged to decorate the folly. Like Phidias, as the greatest of the workmen, he "directed all, and was overseer of all; and yet the building had great artists of the works;" for the carving of the lower story was the work of Andrea Pisano, Luca della Robbia, and Donatello; "and almost all things were in his hands, and he superintended all the artists." These carvers, like their predecessors at the Parthenon, worked each to please and to express himself, and so the tower has been saved from absolute debasement. But when Giotto died, the work went on "professionally," as a copy and without artistic growth, a thorough "modern" work; and the result is an extravagant and useless feat of uninspired labour, hard and mechanical, without life or art relationship, or any influence in architectural development and history. Mute, inexpressive, isolated, it is but a tall toy, most beautiful among its peers, but in true architectural worth as much inferior to the rough manliness of the old palace of the Signoria, or to the delicate variety of the small Spina Chapel; as it is beyond these buildings in mere altitude and in proportionate expense.

But Giotto was a real "master-workman," and himself assisted in the "sculptured" decoration of the tower. His panelled work is very much superior to that on the cathedral, which is as bad and mean as the interior of the church is ugly. The interiors of the churches and cathedrals after the Lombard period are for the most part miserably poor, both in conception and detail. The Duomo and the church of Santa Croce show the degradation of the master-mason, and the carved capitals of the nave-piers in the "Gothic" churches are so bad as to suggest some recondite and undiscovered meaning for their special ugliness.

The Greeks used marble as a means for their refined and delicate display of form and outline. The masons at St. Mark's employed it in a sound workman's way, subordinate to the architectural character of the basilica; and there the work commands respect and admiration by reason of its genuine simplicity of method and of aim. But at Florence, surface marble-work, from the mean parti-coloured panelling of the Duomo, to the lavish expenditure on the Chapel of the Medici, is a pure luxury without

disguise. In using marble decoration singleness of purpose is the universal absolute necessity, and the single purpose that takes precedence of all in works of art is the social and refined enjoyment of the workman. The Greek carver and the master-builder never thought about the costliness of the Pentelic stone, but only of its absolute susceptibility of all gradations of expression and of form. The Byzantine workman gloried in coloured marbles, and rejoiced that he could make his building seem to harmonize with and reflect the splendours of his Eastern sea and sky. While he recognized the dignity of the material, there was in him no thought of costliness for its own sake, or of the "imposing character" of rare and polished stone. He had no idea of making all his work subordinate to any ecclesiastical pretension, and at St. Mark's he used his monolithic marble shafts, his brightest colours, and his choicest pictures of mosaic-work and gold, not only for the glory of the hierarchy and their upper seats, but also in the front, the portals, and most public portions of the church, to dignify and please the world. And thus his workman's inspiration has become a permanent ennobling charm for all men.

Most people suffer somewhat from magnificence upon the brain, and hence the safety of society is greatly due to the incompetence of men to carry out their vast designs. The Florentines were sadly subject to this overleaping impulse; and in consequence their buildings seldom reached completion. But for the Duomo they resolved "to raise the loftiest, most sumptuous, and most magnificent pile that human invention could devise or human labour execute." The result of all this "sumptuous" determination is Arnolfo's miserable nave, in which it seems Giotto had some hand, and as a suitable climacteric the dismal cupola that, four generations later, Brunelleschi raised. And so throughout the Renaissance we find that in architecture sumptuousness and engineering, domes and marbles, entirely superseded noble work. Italian mediæval architecture was in fact ruined by costly marble-work. Stone and the inspired mason were neglected, and costliness and polished smoothness were esteemed the elements of art. In carving, however, and in tombs and monuments, the workman still for centuries maintained his masterful condition.

We know that Michael Angelo declared and signed himself a "carver," but at clerical suggestion he sometimes, like Giotto, left his special work and aptitude to make designs for buildings. The Farnese Palace has no doubt a handsome "elevation," that is to say, it is agreeable to look at for a moment, and then to be well rid of. Who can help pitying the owner of that dismal cube of stone-work when he daily came in sight of it and saw it was his home? The general design is worth some admiration upon paper. The architect who completed the exterior had consummate knowledge of the influence of proportion, boundless wealth to work with, and the Colosseum for a quarry. Moreover *he was present at the work*, and so careful of the details that he had them formed in wood full size, and tested on the building. Michael Angelo was not an "architect only." Still the palace is but a majestic misery, cheerless as a prison, and incapable of human sympathy or popular delight; the stones are evidently dead, they had no inspiration from the workmen.

Michael Angelo, much against his will, was compelled to decorate the Sistine Chapel ceiling. The idea of such decoration is of course absurd. Giotto, the working plaster-painter, knew much better than to perpetrate such waste, and at the Arena Chapel he made the ceiling a plain azure blue, that served by contrast to increase the effect of colour in his paintings on the walls. Michael Angelo's commission was not given from any love of art, but as a means of personal distinction and of hierarchical display. Julius had no wish to "patronize the arts," but only to make use of them to glorify himself, and he impressed poor Michael Angelo just as he might enlist a leader of trained bands. This was the true spirit of the Revival. Art was to be no longer an unobtrusive quiet ordinary work, but must be treated as a slavish luxury, and be compelled to illustrate the wayward whimsies of the papal churchmen. But Michael Angelo actually *worked* at the Sistine Chapel ceiling not merely furnishing the plan and drawings, but himself "fresh-painting" all the plaster. He was the inspired workman; but as he was a carver and not a practised decorator, he designed the ceiling in a technically unskilful way. He could draw and mould the human form with masterly precision, but when he ventured into architectural details, he, pardonably, missed the true

artist method, and so his pictures on the ceiling are surrounded by a barbarous medley of Renaissance forms, a half-prettence of solid architecture, absurd in principle, and clumsy in effect.

How the mediæval and the ancient decorative painters could conventionalize the forms of building-work, and subordinate them to the requirements of art, is shown in Giotto's pictures and the Pompeian frescoes, but the "architectural" painting on the *loggie* ceilings in the Vatican shows how little Raphael had discovered of the sense and scope of decorative art.

Both Michael Angelo and Raphael were in some things servants to the fashion of the day. Their buildings were designed, as of necessity when power of wealth and power of mind were ample, with much dignity and grace; but in the details their unworkmanlike contrivances proclaim the whole to be a fiction, a mere "imitative art." To Michael Angelo the "Renaissance" Italian style was a dead language, and to his workmen it was but an unknown tongue. The master and his men were equally unable to express themselves artistically in such a fabricated dialect; and from St. Peter's to the latest building of "New Rome," Italian architecture is but a dreary evidence of luxury, a record of expenditure and folly. True, there is art in Italy, and of the best; but Italy is still the great "world's show" of architectural rubbish, and this rubbish is exactly what our travelled people most extol and feebly seek to imitate.

In Germany some sixty years ago an ancient vellum drawing of Cologne Cathedral was discovered. This was, perhaps, the original design, or a contemporary copy, and its elaboration and completeness well account for the demerits of the building. It is a student's effort, the result of knowledge and selection; and its evident intention was to make a church supreme in size, and height, and symmetry of form. All this has been attained, but in human sympathy and true poetic art the building is a failure. It is, perhaps, the largest church of Gothic commonplace that ever was constructed, and for artistic worth is not for a moment comparable with the Abbey Church at Westminster, St. Stephen's at Vienna, or a hundred still existing abbeys and cathedrals. The design was made when Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, and Notre Dame Cathedrals were still new. These were all built by masons who made drawings quite subservient to their work of

art; but at Cologne the draughtsman spirit ruled, and so the masons used their common knack without a thought of poetry or touch of life. Cologne Minster is, in fact, a previous example of what Mr. Fergusson has called the "imitative styles." On the projected spires the details are extravagant in size, the crowning finials are much larger than the open archway of the minster doors. This is not mason's work or architecture, but a clear evidence of draughtsmanship and of imaginative incapacity.

On the resumption of the minster works there was a festal gathering, and there, most prominently placed, was every workman then employed upon the church, from the chief master to the quarryman's apprentice. "And, turning to the artisans, the *Dom-Baumeister* bade them prove their skill, concluding a manly, honest address with the sentiment of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell':—

Let praise be to the workman given,  
But the blessing comes from Heaven."

With us the drawing-master, not "the workman," gets "the praise;" and so, it seems, "the blessing" does *not* come.

The public hear Cologne Cathedral called the culminating effort and display of mediæval art; and, knowing and mistrusting their own ignorance, they accept the *dicta* of the connoisseurs, and strenuously endeavour to be pleased. Of course they fail, and, finding nothing lovely or of interest, they leave the church in blank amazement at its height and bigness, and perplexed at what they modestly assume to be their own deficiency in architectural discernment. The work is a gigantic folly, and a total waste unless it proves a warning.

Let us contrast our own old English building-method which but sixty years ago was not extinct. About that time the exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel was restored, and there we find the master-mason still a power:—

There was but very little occasion for the interference of the architect; all the labour of arranging the work, tracing out the details and ornaments, and supplying the defects from corresponding parts, being left to the *discretion and industry of the mason*. The task was an important one; and required professional skill, a practised eye, and sound judgment. It is no eulogium to say that the execution of this work could not have been entrusted to a more careful artisan than Mr. Gayfere.

This was Thomas Gayfere, mason of the Abbey. The Abbey, then, was built

by masons, its noble tombs were made and were designed by working-men, and the most lavish work was capably restored by a discreet industrious mason.

The habitual notion of the middle and superior classes that the workmen are inferior in natural ability, or in the higher qualities of lively genius and imaginative mind, is very English. In fact, these men are frequently above "their betters" in power of mental application and endurance. The man that makes a table or a chair requires more nervous energy than the glib shopman offering it for sale. A banquer-mason or a leading joiner is, "by profession," greatly more accomplished than a small tradesman or a banker's clerk. The workman's only want is to regain his old and natural position, and secure the opportunity to make his capabilities and requirements felt and known. Where this is given, even to a mill-hand, or machinist, or a manufacturing engineer, his mental power becomes magnificent. Of the seven hundred patents for our hosiery and lace machines, every inventor except two has been recorded as a *working* handicraftsman. Or if we rise above mechanics, and proceed from manufacturing England to the land of poetry and song, these arts are the acknowledged birthright of the people; not only of a Dante, a Manzoni, a Palestrina, or a Mario, but of the vine-dressers of Bronte, and the peasantry of Veggiano; of the plaintive *cantatore* of the Bay of Naples, and of the wandering herdsman on the Tuscan Apennines.

Remaining still in Italy, and studying Baron Hübnér's general view of Rome three hundred years ago, we find that when Pope Sixtus, the last man of great commanding power on the papal throne, proposed to build, he did not choose an "architect" or draughtsman, but engaged a young Comascho mason as his master-builder. "He and the young Fontana *together* formed plans, discussed and settled them." When it had been proposed to raise the obelisk of Nero in the centre of the Piazza of St. Peter, "Michael Angelo and San Gallo, who were the first architects of the day, were unanimous in declaring the undertaking to be impracticable. Their opinion being law," the idea was given up. Fontana afterwards designed a plan which was accepted; but, as the mason was still young, two "architects of eminence" were ordered by the commission to carry out the work. Fontana then, appealing to the pope, declared "that *no man can*

*better carry out a plan than the man who has conceived it, for no one can perfectly master the thoughts of another."* Struck by the justice of this remark, Sixtus intrusted the whole business to his former mason. Not only Rome, but the whole of Europe, watched the works with anxious curiosity, and on September 10, 1586, the obelisk was erected on its pedestal with perfect success.

Going with Mr. Fergusson still further south, to work entirely recent, we discover in the "parish church of Mousa, in the Island of Malta, a remarkable instance of a building erected in the same manner, and according to the exact principles which covered Europe with beautiful edifices during the middle ages."

The real architect of the building was the village mason, Angelo Gatt. Like a master-mason in the middle ages, or those men who build the most exquisite tombs or temples in India at the present day, *he can neither read nor write nor draw*; but, following his own constructive instincts and the dictates of common sense, he has successfully carried out every part of this building. It was he who insisted on erecting the dome without scaffolding, and showed how it could be done by simply notching each course on to the one below it. With true mediæval enthusiasm, he was content to devote his whole time to the erection of this great edifice, receiving only fifteen pence a day for twenty years.

The area of this master-mason's self-supporting dome is one-third larger than that of our architectural wonder at St. Paul's, and the height is greater than that of the Pantheon at Rome. The total cost was one-and-twenty thousand pounds, "besides the gratuitous labour of the villagers and others, estimated at half that amount."

George Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was but a village carpenter, and so was much objected to by his superiors, who desired that some "professional" of eminence should be employed, and not a common man of great ability, whose work and powers were much above their mental range.

The late Augustus Welby Pugin was a noted "architect," and able as a draughtsman, and so to some might seem to be an illustration adverse to our theory. But Pugin was much more than a draughtsman:—

The most careful discipline and training after academic methods will fail in making an artist, unless he himself take an active part in the work. Like every highly cultivated man, he must be self-educated. When Pugin,

who was brought up in his father's office, had learnt all that he could of architecture, according to the usual formulas, he still found that he had learnt but little, and that he must begin at the beginning *and pass through the discipline of labour*. He hired himself out as a common carpenter at Covent Garden Theatre, and thus acquired a familiarity with work.—Smiles, *Self-Help*.

Pugin was apparently an artist spoilt. Had he discarded "instruments" and kept to tools, he might have reached his natural position, and become a famous master-workman. His architectural and decorative works all show exceptional ability in their inferior way; but none are really good. His church at Ramsgate, where he was, in fact, the master, is by far the best, and is his worthiest monument. Who can tell how different his fate might possibly have been, had he secured the quiet soothing influence of true artist life, instead of suffering the vexation and excitement of a mock profession?

We may now quote the latest instance of true building master-workmanship. The Portcullis Club, 93, Regent Street, Westminster, "is a working-man's club in the strictest sense of the word. *The ground upon which it stands has been purchased*. The materials of which it is built have been paid for, and the labour has been found by the working men themselves, many of them working until twelve o'clock at night. Not only so; they have been their own architects. The whole of the plans and elevations have been beautifully drawn by one of the members;" and thus the little front is much more satisfactory and respectable than the Charing-Cross Hotel or the Royal Academy façade.

These are examples of mere accidental gleams of truth in modern practice, and they show that the return to sanity in art is by a very short and easy way. And now, continuing the method of historical comparison, that discovers art to be in every age the exclusive trust and treasure of the workman, let us go back four thousand years to the Egyptian tombs, and hear "the dead lift up his voice to tell us of his life." Amen, a great functionary, has inscribed upon his tomb the record of his own administration, and therein reveals the generous influence of the master-workman in a wider sphere. "All the lands under me were ploughed and sown from north to south. Thanks were given to me on behalf of the royal house for the fat cattle which I collected.

Nothing was ever stolen out of my workshops. *I worked myself, and kept the whole province at work.* Famine never occurred in my time, nor did I let any one hunger in years of short produce; never did I disturb the fisherman or molest the shepherd; never was a child afflicted, never a widow ill-treated by me; and I have not preferred the great to the small in the judgments I have given." And on the wall are durably depicted illustrations of Ameni's works: *the building and lading of large ships*, the fashioning of furniture from costly woods, the preparation of garments, and various scenes of husbandry and handicraft. Of the comparative value and intelligence of the Egyptian workmen, the three great Memphian Pyramids, the oldest monuments extant of building-art, give curious and simple evidence. "The slope of the entrance-passages is just the angle of rest for such material as the stone of the Pyramids, and, therefore, the proper inclination for the sarcophagus to be easily moved without letting it descend of itself." Our readers, possibly, may recollect "the launch" of the "Great Eastern," and "the angle of rest" and immobility that our engineer of eminence "designed." Had common workmen used their own responsible intelligence about the work, the recent "builders of large ships" upon the foreshore of the Thames might not have proved inferior to the primeval working engineers and architects who built the wondrous mausoleums in the valley of the Nile.

The failure and the remedy have been at length discovered. At the recent distribution of prizes at the Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Lord Salisbury, in the true spirit of the *operarius* or master-workman, advised the students "not to be afraid, but to cultivate a knowledge of the smaller, and what he might call the more repulsive (?), details of their profession. He was very glad to see that the attendance in the workshops was spoken of in the very highest terms by the examiners. There has been hitherto no lack of the most distinguished theoretical knowledge, but the deficiencies have been in those small practical matters on which the success of the work often depends."

Our history of the master-workman is complete. His method and position have been traced throughout the course of European culture. To him we are indebted for the glories of the Athenian Acropolis, the splendour of the Vene-

tian Basilica, the dignity of the Lombard Duomo, and the infinite variety and charm of mediæval building-work. The old method still survives in Oriental manufacture, and here again we find the modern workman painfully surpassed by his more "educated" Indian rival. In the International Exhibition at South Kensington,—

It was humiliating to our national pride to perceive in the specimens of Indian art workmanship a grace and finish to which we cannot attain in spite of all our modern discoveries and appliances of mechanism daily becoming more delicate in their operation. The Indian worker in gold or silver produces the most elaborate and beautiful objects with the rudest tools, and *as long as we leave him to himself his models are purely artistic, but as soon as he attempts to produce European articles from our designs the individuality of the artist is lost, and his work is vulgarized.*—*Companion to the British Almanack*, 1872.

Those who last year visited the World's Show at Vienna will admit the general truth of these remarks. The Japanese display of art made ours look pitiful. In Japan the true style and method of art decoration are maintained. The porcelain and the painting are, in artistic combination, but one work. In our Bond Street china the fine paintings on the plates and vases are mere pictures quite distinct from pottery, and only gain some prettiness and polish from the soft glaze and texture of the ware; but they are no more to be styled ceramic art than any portrait on a panel or on copper can be classed with the achievements of the joiner or the smith. It is painful to see that in Japan, as in India, the attempt to produce articles for the European taste and market is already corrupting the workman. At Vienna in the Oriental courts there were sad evidences of the debasing influence of "Western culture."

Much wonderment and admiration have been frequently expressed at what we in a patronizing way are pleased to call the almost Occidental cleverness of our new friends the Japanese. The cause of their ability is obvious. The people of Japan for many hundred years "have placed the handicraftsman, down to the humblest, above the merchant and the trader in the social scale;" they have steadily maintained the artistic and imaginative training of their workmen, and as a consequence, or a concurrent influence and result, the entire population has retained its natural intelligence, and is apt to think, quick in fancy and

imagination, and therefore prompt to adopt and to improve; and last year their workmen made the most refined display of decorative workmanship that Europe ever saw. The life and work of Luca della Robbia, or of Palissy, show that Japan has no exclusive artist power. "The metal jugs of all sizes which abound on the Continent are models of undesigned art. Equally good, though a little less simple, is the rough blue and white stone ware of the south of France." But we in England make the able potter a neglected underling of some great manufacturing firm, whose customers and show-rooms are a hundred miles away. With such a system no designs by Flaxman will make "works of art," nor raise our pottery above mere toy-work and a trade.

Perhaps it may be said that to employ an ordinary workman would imply the loss of all the luxury, the elegance, and the refinement of our modern civilizing arts. This is the current talk, and really merits a reply like Hotspur's to the pop-injay. Of course the trash that fills the Bond Street shops would disappear, and houses, churches, dress, and furniture would all be changed from foppish finery to dignified imaginative art. The "charming" luxuries that the fashionable world demands have almost always been the work and the contrivance of the common artisan. The tradesman only sells the goods, the workman finds the brains.

The remedy is obvious, and involves no suffering or abnegation. The public, of whatever sort or grade, should, like the mediæval aristocracy and kings, aspire to cultivate the social and artistic friendship of the master-workman. This is already done in other arts, and barber-surgeons, and the quacks of former days, have given place to those who "do the work" of healing. In some respects, however, the condition and the progress of the world have been most curiously inverted since the middle ages. In those times the public mind was greatly conversant with building-art, and being free and bright in thought, the natural result was excellence in work; but in theology it was comparatively dark, and subject to the superstition of the papacy. Now, on the contrary, the English mind asserts its liberty in theological affairs, but in respect of art it is benighted. The present period of artistic imbecility would merit the contempt of those great working-men who

lived in ages that the vulgar have assumed to be uncivilized and "dark."

Our working-men have no respect or sympathy for those who call themselves their "chiefs;" and as a serious direct result of want of interest in their work, we find that workmen do considerably less per hour, in quantity and quality, than they accomplished thirty years ago. An independent "master," with associated workmen, would do much more and better work than a commercial builder, dealing with hirelings, and habitually subject to trade jealousies and strikes. The saving to society would be immense. The money that is wasted on our buildings, public and private, would suffice to lodge us all like princes. "During the past year the directors of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company Limited have been erecting some dwellings by the employment of their own workpeople, under a competent foreman, and thus far the experiment has worked satisfactorily. Greater care and attention being bestowed upon the details of the work, the expenses of repairs will, it is believed, be much less in these buildings. Thirty dwellings at Bethnal Green estate have been nearly completed upon this plan, and the company's workpeople are now proceeding with sixty more." Lord Shaftesbury and some other gentlemen have, in a way of business, helped to build a little town of houses near the Wandsworth Road. "The architect has been a working foreman, and, to a great extent, the builders are the occupiers of the houses. Men of each trade were "pressed for their ideas," and the result has shown the amount of practical ingenuity that can be brought by an intelligent community of working-men into a work on which their hearts are set." Each man, however, should possess and care for his own freehold. The occasional correspondence in the daily papers makes us see that in their architectural affairs our sapient Englishmen are "mostly fools," and this particularly in their consent to live in leasehold houses. Art never can exist on such a tenure. We could distinctly show its bad effect, not on architecture only, but on the sister arts of sculpture, metal-work, and painting; each has sunk, is sinking, and will sink, unless the firm and stable freehold tenure is restored. No one can think of any of our fine old buildings, sacred or secular, as leaseholds, nor will substantial fireproof houses be constructed

upon leasehold ground; and when the public understand that individual benefit and the general good are equally involved in freehold tenure, all proprietors will join in a demand for such legislation, essentially conservative, as would allow, and, if required, compel urban enfranchisement. The project has its precedents; and tithe-commutation, copyhold-enfranchisement, and canal and railway acts, have made the public and the lawyers understand that the proprietors of land-encumbrances, and ground-rents, may be forced to sell, and yet be very willing vendors.

Thus we have sought to teach the student how to recognize the only "path that leads to excellence in art," to explain the reason why the old building-work, so often glorious, is always good; and why our modern work, though clever and correct in imitation or design, is everywhere, and must be, radically bad; and so to prove and illustrate the doctrine of the workman's mastery.

Our plea is naturally made with special reference to the interest of the Church in human progress; and, most obviously, in all that influences the building-art. This seems to justify "a strong deliverance;" and is our great encouragement to speak aloud. And so, by much of friendly frankness, we have hoped to arouse the attention of the clergy, and to lead them to perceive how greatly the advancement of the intellectual and moral state of man, and the true dignity and influence of the Church, must be affected by the full development of the artistic "lively genius of the workman." As this appeal is not perfunctory but earnest, it may be made with little reticence, and yet with much respect for those whose audience and help are claimed. This freedom we have used with generous confidence and candour; not seeking to reveal some undiscovered fault, but only to describe the cause and nature of an error that is great and obvious; and then, with firm assurance modestly expressed, to indicate and justify the remedy.

And now we venture to assume that all our readers recognize the historic *status*, and the artistic value, of the master-workman, and perceive that to ignore him and to restrict the exercise of his imagination in his work is a fraud on human nature, and injurious to all men. This is now evident. Our present working-classes are profoundly vulgar. The increase of wages and of general comfort

does not much improve them, and instruction only serves to give them larger means to demonstrate their coarseness. Those who know them in their houses tell us that as their wages rise they revel in expensive luxury and display. In this they imitate their betters. The debasement of imagination is a striking characteristic of society, and may be traced from the mean finery of a mechanic's parlour straight to the pompous rubbish that surrounds a duke. Learning is no efficient substitute or supplement, for, without imagination, "every man is brutish in his knowledge." We do not undervalue what is now called education, but we object entirely to the misuse of the word. The result of all our "Education Acts" is not education, but mere teaching and the gift of knowledge. There is something imparted, not "educated." But it is not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of him, that defiles or purifies, ennobles or degrades him; and while we merely give him knowledge and prohibit individual interest and expression in his work, the operative still remains but a degraded though intelligent machine, and the agricultural labourer is in every sense made only to "follow the plough."

The object of all education is the improvement of the *morale* of the man. Instruction in literature and science sharpens his intellect, and technical instruction, now required by middle-class employers for economic reasons, good in themselves, but socially and philosophically selfish, may increase the workman's value, as a tool; but true art workmanship is generous in every way, and in its nature is like mercy, blessing him that gives as well as him that takes. It gives a constant opportunity and wholesome exercise for their imagination to the great fundamental class of working-men, and elevating these, it raises all humanity. Much of the congratulation that we hear about advancing wealth, and science, and mechanical improvement, is truly relevant to nothing but advance. The progress is in most cases grovelling and low. Men are not better for it all, but only better off. Will any who have known our universities these twenty, thirty, forty years, tell us that the more recent men have been of a distinctly higher stamp than those who had preceded them? Is not the proposition of self-culture for its own sake greatly reduced, and the pursuit of learning very much become a hunt for fellowships, or,

as upon the turf, to get "well placed"? This all requires abatement and correction, and the change, as in such moral evolutions, must be made not in the upper but the lower orders of society. Morals do not descend, and Christianity was proclaimed and first received among the poor.

The workmen are our masters, and, we hear, should be instructed; what if this instruction should but lead them to increasing aptitude for selfishness and base enjoyment, and the whole political machine should be a means of levelling the people down to a low state of rude or polished luxury? Nothing can be more dangerous and prejudicial to the State than the neglect of the imaginative power among men. For many years greed has been blessed, and honoured, and exalted to the position of a peacemaker. But greed never has maintained a nation's self-respect and dignity; and it is only by the cultivation of the noble qualities of imagination, which rise greatly above greed, and, seeking true nobility, find it in work and sacrifice, that the position of England as a leader among the nations can be secured and made a blessing. If the imagination is not thus developed, the working-men will, as they become instructed, become also increasingly obnoxious and depraved, and vulgar know- ingness and vain impatient levity will, as in other regions, be the ruling characteristics of the people.

We have occasionally to regard with pity and some scorn the French elector who declines or fears to vote "for the salvation of society." Our working-men are similarly impotent, though not perhaps in politics, yet in all that most concerns their actual work. They are acute and clever to a folly about pay, but for all else their minds have been crushed out of them; and in the great and many-sided building-trade, ubiquitous and constant in its movement, the whole class of working-men is sunk into the lowest state of mental and imaginative feebleness. We have given to the workman power in political affairs, but we entirely deny his right and special fitness to direct his own. He obtains his share numerically in the election of the government that rules us all, but he is counted quite incapable to manage his own work, and, like a beast of burden or a child, is put in harness or in leading-strings, and reined and guided, "blinkered" and controlled.

There is no question how the working-man must be improved. He must first

be recognized. Let us suppose that some successful picture-dealer were to quote the various paintings in his gallery as his own productions, and that the names and individuality of all the painters were entirely disregarded, and we shall understand at once the unnatural condition of the workman, and perceive how much the decadence of painting would be promoted by such oblivious folly. This, notwithstanding, is our almost universal custom in regard to every art that we have not dubbed "fine," and so the working-man becomes an alien and out-cast from "society."

But we may hear that the upraising of the workman is a revolutionary project, and that its tendency would be to shatter the foundations of society. The truth, however, is entirely otherwise, and we appeal to feelings perfectly conservative when we declare that the great want of England is a wide-spread class of true imaginative workmen—men who, free from jealousy of other ranks, because they feel the dignity and comfort of their own, would never favour violent or revolutionary change, and yet would be most prompt to see and indicate whatever change is needed. These true *gentlemen* would soon become the efficient balance-weight of all society, and from their business contact with all classes, and their sympathy with each, would bring them into harmony throughout the social scale. "They would maintain the state of the world;" and, their works and ways being entirely public, they would give no opportunity for suspicion or occasion for distrust. None would readily resent their interference or advice; they could speak with the vulgar as well as think with the wise, and without effort would obtain the confidence of the proprietary as well as of the operative classes in a way that what is called the middle class could never hope to emulate.

Having commenced by quoting our historian's opinion of the method and results of modern architectural practice, let us now collect and hear what Goethe has to say about artistic dilettanteism. The "dilettants," who still maintain their social and professional influence in architectural affairs, he has described as—

Those who, without any particular talent for art, only give way to the natural imitative tendency in them, and among other things to the imitation of Gothic architecture. Their passion for imitation has no connection with in-born genius for art. They do little good to

artists or to art; but, on the contrary, much harm, by bringing artists down to their level. *The dilettante is honoured, and the artist is neglected.* In dilettanteism the loss is always greater than the gain. It takes from art its essence, and spoils the public by depriving it of its artistic earnestness and sense of right. It follows the lead of the time; whereas true art gives laws and commands the time. Dilettanteism presupposes art as botchwork does handicraft; and the *dilettante* holds the same relation to the artist that the botcher does to the craftsman. From handicraft the way is open to rise in art but not from botchwork. The best of all preparation is to have even the lowest scholar take part in the work of the master. The *dilettante* has never more than a half-interest in art, but the artist, who is the true connoisseur, has an unconditional and entire interest in art and devotion to it. The true artist rests firmly and securely on himself, and so incurs the less danger in departing from rules; and may even, by that means, enlarge the province of art itself. *Dilettanti*, or rather botchers, seem not to strive like the true artist towards the highest possible aim of art, nor to see what is beyond, but only what is beside them; on this account they are always comparing. All *dilettanti* are plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter; and at the same time imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it.

The publicity and permanence of architectural works renders the injurious effect of dilettanteism in this department more universal and enduring and *perpetuates false taste*; because in art the things that are conspicuous and wildly known are generally made to serve again for models. The earnest aim of a true architectural work gives it a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man; and botchwork in this case *does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfection.*

Thus art is not to be attained by *dilettante* schemes or fanciful designs; or by a vain expenditure of wealth; or even by some recondite researches in the path of knowledge. Art is the noble end of steady and laborious work; the glory and reward of honest, thoughtful, self-devoted handicraft. Art, "when a reality, indicates something impressive and sublime. It stamps a man with the divine seal; setting him before us as invariably impelled to do a divine thing. Work is not to him a profession, but a vocation. It is not something which he chooses for himself, but for which he is chosen; which he does not advance to because he will, but because he must. The man is not at liberty to decline the call." Such was the master-workman of the past, whose free imaginative power

has ever been the life of art; and, in like manner, the emancipated workman, gloriously "impelled," must always be, and is, the only real hope of English architecture.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

#### CHAPTER LII.

#### CONVERGING COURSES.

CHRISTMAS Eve came, and a party that Boldwood was to give in the evening was the great subject of talk in Weatherbury. It was not the rarity of Christmas parties in the parish which made this one a wonder, but that Boldwood should be the giver. The announcement had had an abnormal and incongruous sound, as if one should hear of croquet-playing in a cathedral, or that some much-respected judge was going on the stage. That the party was intended to be a truly jovial one there was no room to doubt. A large bough of mistletoe had been brought from the woods that day and suspended in the hall of the bachelor's house. Holly and ivy had followed in armfuls. From six that morning till past noon the huge wood fire in the kitchen roared and sparkled at its highest, the kettle, the saucepan, and the three-legged pot appearing in the midst of the flames like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; whilst in addition, roasting and basting operations were continually going on in front of the genial blaze. As it grew later, the fire was made up in the large, oblong hall into which the staircase descended, and all encumbrances were cleared out for dancing. The log that was to form the back-brand of the evening fire was a complete tree-trunk, so unwieldy that it could be neither brought nor rolled to its place; and accordingly four men were to be observed dragging and heaving it in by chains and levers, as the hour of assembly drew near.

In spite of all this the spirit of revelry was wanting in the house. Intended gayeties would insist upon appearing like solemn grandeurs; the organization of the whole thing was carried on coldly by hirelings; and a spectre seemed to rove about the rooms, saying that the proceedings were unnatural to the place, and to the lonely man who lived therein, and hence not good.

Bathsheba was at this time in her room, dressing for the event. She had called for candles, and Liddy entered and placed one on each side of her mistress's glass.

"Don't go away, Liddy," said Bathsheba, almost timidly. "I am strangely agitated. I cannot tell why. I wish I had not been obliged to go to this party, but there's no escaping now. I have not spoken to Mr. Boldwood since the autumn, when I promised to see him at Christmas on business, having no idea there was to be anything of this kind."

"But I would go, now," said Liddy, who was going with her, for Boldwood had been indiscriminate in his invitations.

"Yes, I shall make my appearance, of course," said Bathsheba. "Liddy, I am the cause of the party, and that upsets me. Don't tell anybody."

"Oh, no. You the cause of it, ma'am?"

"Yes. I am the origin of the party. I—I can't explain any more; there's no more to be explained. I wish I had never seen Weatherbury."

"That's wicked of you—to wish to be worse off than you are."

"No, it isn't. I have never been free from trouble since I have lived here, and this party is likely to bring me more. Now fetch my black silk dress, and see how it sits upon me."

"But you will leave off that, surely, ma'am? You have been a widow lady fourteen months, and ought to brighten up a little on such a night as this."

"It is not necessary. I mean to appear as usual; for if I were to wear any gay dress, people would say things about me, and I should seem to be rejoicing, when I am solemn all the time. The party is altogether a painful matter, but it cannot be helped; stay and finish me off."

Boldwood, at the Lower Farm, was dressing also. A tailor from Casterbridge was with him, assisting him in the operation of trying on a new coat that had just been brought home.

Never had Boldwood been so fastidious, unreasonable about the fit, and generally difficult to please. The tailor walked round and round him, tugged at the waist, pulled the sleeve, pressed the collar, and for the first time in his experience Boldwood was not bored. Times had been when the farmer had exclaimed against all such niceties as childish, but now no philosophic or hasty rebuke what-

ever was provoked by this man for attaching as much importance to a crease in the coat as to an earthquake in the Mediterranean. Boldwood at last expressed himself nearly satisfied, and paid the bill; the tailor passing out just as Oak came in to report progress for the day.

"Ah, Oak," said Boldwood, "I shall of course see you here to-night. Make yourself merry. I am determined that neither expense nor trouble shall be spared."

"I'll be here, sir, though perhaps not early," said Gabriel quietly. "I am glad indeed to see such a change in you from what it used to be."

"Yes; I must own it. I am bright to-night, cheerful, and more than cheerful; so much so, that I am almost uneasy from a sense that everything is passing away. And sometimes when I am excessively hopeful and blithe, a trouble is looming: so I get to look upon gloom in me with content, and to fear a happy mood. Still this may be absurd. Perhaps my day is dawning, at last."

"I hope it will be a long one."

"Thank you, thank you. Yet my cheerfulness rests upon a slender hope. And still I have reason to trust my hope; I think this time I reckon with my host. . . . Oak, will you tie this neckerchief for me? My hands shake, and I cannot do it properly. The fact is, I have not been quite well lately."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"Oh, it's nothing, and will soon pass away again. Tie it as neatly as you can, please. Is there any late knot in fashion, Oak?"

"I don't know, sir," said Oak, in a tone which had sunk to sadness.

Boldwood approached Gabriel, and as Oak tied the neckerchief he went on feverishly:—

"Does a woman keep her promise, Gabriel?"

"If it is not inconvenient, she may."

"Or rather, an implied promise."

"I won't answer for her implying," said Oak, with faint bitterness. "That's a word as full of holes as a sieve with them."

"Oak, don't talk like that. You have got quietly cynical lately. How is it? We seem to have shifted positions. However, does a woman keep a promise—not to marry, but to enter on an engagement to marry at some time? Now, you know women better than I; tell me."

"She may, if it is made with an honest intention to repair a wrong."

"It has not gone far yet, but I think it will soon. Yes, I know it will," he said, in a fervent whisper. "I have pressed her upon the matter, and she inclines to be kind to me, and to think of me as a husband at a long future time; and that's enough for me. How can I expect more? She has a notion that a widow should not marry within seven years of her husband's death; that her own self should not marry, I mean, because his body was not found. It may be merely some legal reason which influences her, or it may be a religious one; but she is reluctant to talk on the point. But she has promised, implied, that she will ratify an engagement to-night."

"Seven years," murmured Oak.

"No, no. It is no such thing!" he said, impetuously. "Five years, ten months, and a few days. Nearly fourteen months have passed since his death, and is there anything so wonderful in an engagement of little more than five years?"

"It seems long in a forward view. Don't build too much upon promises, sir. Remember you have once been deceived. Her intentions may be good, but she's young yet."

"Deceived! Never!" said Boldwood, with quick vehemence. "She never promised me at that time, and hence she did not break her promise. If she promises me, she'll marry me. Bathsheba is a woman to her word."

Troy was sitting in a small apartment in a small tavern at Casterbridge, smoking, and drinking a steaming mixture from a glass. A knock was given at the door and Pennyways entered.

"Well, have you seen him?" Troy inquired.

"Boldwood?"

"No; Lawyer Long."

"He was not at home. I went there first, too."

"That's a nuisance."

"'Tis, rather."

"Yet I don't see that because a man appears to be drowned and was not he should be liable for anything. I shan't ask any lawyer; not I."

"But that's not it, exactly. If a man takes steps to deceive the world, he's a cheat, which is ayless a rogue, which is ayless a vagabond, and that's a punishable word."

"Ha-ha! Well done, Pennyways,"

Troy had laughed; but it was with anxiety that he said, "Now what I want to know is this; do you think there's really anything going on between her and Boldwood? Upon my soul, I should never have believed it! How she must detest me! Have you found whether she has encouraged him?"

"I've not been able to learn. There's a deal of feeling on his side seemingly, but I don't answer for her. I didn't know a word about any such thing till yesterday, and all I heard then was that she was going to the party at his house to-night. This is the first time she has ever gone there, they say; and they say that she's not so much as spoke to him since they were at Greenhill Fair; but what can folk believe o't? However, she's not fond of him; quite careless, I know."

"I'm not so sure of that. . . . She's a handsome woman, Pennyways, is she not? Own that you never saw a finer creature in your life. Upon my honour, when I set eyes upon her that day, I wondered what I could have been made of, to be able to leave her alone so long." He smoked on a while and then added: "How did she look when you passed by this week?"

"Oh, she took no great heed of me, ye may well fancy. But she looked well enough. Just flashed her haughty eyes upon my poor body, and then let them roll past me at what was yond, much as if I'd been a leafless tree. She had just got off her mare to look at the last wringing-down of cider-making that was going on; she had been riding, and her colours were up and her breath rather quick, so that her bosom plimmed and fell every time plain to my eye. Aye, and there were the fellers round her, wringing down the cheese and bustling about and saying: 'Ware o' the pommy, ma'am; 'twill spoil yer gown.' 'Never mind me,' says she. Then Gabe brought her some of the new cider, and she must needs go drinking it through a straw-mote, and not in a nateral way at all. 'Liddy,' says she, 'bring indoors a few gallons, and I'll make some cider wine.' Sergeant, I was no more to her than a morsel of scroff in the fuel-house."

"I must go and find her out. Oh yes, I must go and see to that; Oak is head man, isn't he?"

"Yes, a' b'lieve, and at Lower Farm, too. He manages everything."

"It will puzzle him to manage her, or any other man of his compass."

"I don't know about that. She's a few soft corners in her heart, though I've never been able to get into one; the devil's in't. But she can't do without him, and knowing it well, he's pretty independent."

"Ah, baily, she's a notch above you, and you must own it; a higher class of animal, a finer tissue. However, stick to me, and neither this haughty goddess — dashing piece of womanhood, Juno-wife of mine (Juno was a goddess, you know) — nor anybody else shall hurt you. But all this wants looking into, I perceive. What with one thing and another, I see that my work is well cut out for me."

"How do I look to-night, Liddy?" said Bathsheba, giving a final adjustment to her dress before leaving the glass.

"I never saw you look so well before. Yes, I'll tell you when you looked like it: that night two years ago when you came in so wild-like, and scolded us for saying things about you."

"Everybody will think that I am setting myself to captivate Mr. Boldwood, when goodness knows how I shun the thought. I dread going, yet I dread more the risk of wounding him by staying away."

"Anyhow, ma'am, you can't well be dressed plainer than you are, unless you go in sackcloth at once. 'Tis your excitement is your ornament to-night."

"I don't know what's the matter," she murmured. "I feel wretched at one time, and buoyant at another. I wish I could have continued quite in solitude, as I have been for the last year or so, with no hopes and no fears, no pleasure and no grief."

"Suppose Mr. Boldwood should ask you to run away with him!"

"Liddy, none of that!" said Bathsheba gravely. "I don't wish to hear joking on any such matter."

"I beg pardon, ma'am. But knowing what we women are, I — However, I won't speak of it again."

"No marrying for me yet for many a year: if ever, 'twill be for reasons very, very different from those you think, or others will believe. Now get my cloak, for it is time to go."

"Oak," said Boldwood, "before you go I want to mention what has been passing in my mind lately — that little arrangement we made about your share in the farm, I mean. That share is small; too small, considering how little I attend

to business now, and how much time and thought you give it. Well, since the world is brightening for me, I want to show my sense of it by increasing your proportion in the partnership. I'll make a memorandum of the arrangement which struck me as convenient, for I haven't time to talk about it now, and then we'll discuss it at our leisure. My intention is ultimately to retire from the management altogether, and until you can take all the expenditure upon your shoulders, I'll be a sleeping partner in the stock. Then, if I marry her — and I hope — I feel I shall — why —"

"Pray don't speak of it, sir," said Oak hastily. "We don't know what may happen. So many ups and downs go on in the world; there's many a slip, as they say, and I would advise you — I know you'll pardon me this once — not to be too sure."

"I know, I know. But the feeling I have about increasing your share is on account of what I know of you. Oak, I have learnt a little about your secret: your interest in her is more than that of a bailiff for an employer. But you have behaved like a man, and I, as a sort of successful rival, — successful partly through your goodness of heart, — should like to show my sense of your friendship under what must have been a pain to you."

"Oh, that's not necessary," said Oak, "I must get used to such things. Other men have, and so shall I."

Oak then went away. He was uneasy on Boldwood's account, for he saw that the infatuation of the farmer had left him not the man he once had been.

As Boldwood continued a while in his room alone, ready and dressed to receive his company, the mood of anxiety about his appearance seemed to pass away, and to be succeeded by a deep solemnity. He looked out of the window, and regarded the dim outline of the trees upon the sky, and the twilight deepening to darkness.

Then he went to a locked closet and took from a locked drawer therein a small, circular case the size of a pill-box, and was about to put it into his pocket. But he lingered to open the cover and take a momentary glance inside. It contained a woman's finger-ring, set all the way round with small brilliants, and from its appearance had evidently been recently purchased.

Boldwood's eyes lingered upon its sparkles, though that its natural aspect

concerned him but little was plain from his manner and mien, which were those of a man who was following out the presumed thread of that jewel's future history.

A few minutes elapsed and the noise of wheels at the front of the house became audible. Boldwood closed the box, stowed it away carefully in his pocket, and went out upon the landing. The man who was his indoor factotum came at the same moment to the bottom of the stairs.

"They be coming, sir, lots of 'em—a-foot and a-driving!"

"I was coming down this moment. Those wheels I heard—is it Mrs. Troy?"

"No, sir; she's not here yet."

A reserved and sombre expression had returned to Boldwood's face again, but it poorly cloaked his feelings when he pronounced Bathsheba's name; and his feverish anxiety continued to show its existence by a galloping motion of his fingers upon the side of his thigh, as he went down the stairs.

"How does this cover me?" said Troy to Pennyways. "Nobody would recognize me now, I'm sure."

He was buttoning on a heavy gray overcoat of Noachian cut, with a cape and a high collar, the latter being erect, like a girdling wall, about his head, and nearly reaching to the edge of the travelling cap which was pulled down over his ears.

Pennyways snuffed the candle, and then looked up and deliberately inspected Troy.

"Ye've made up your mind to go, then?" he said.

"Made up my mind? yes; of course I have."

"Why not write to her? 'Tis a very queer corner that you've got into, sergeant. You see, all these things will come to light if you go back, and they won't sound well at all. Faith, if I were you I'd even bide as you be, a single man named Francis. The best wife is worse than none. Now that's my mind, and I've been called a long-headed fellow here and there."

"All nonsense. There is she with plenty of money, and a house and farm, and horses and comfort,—and here am I living from hand to mouth. Besides, it's no use talking now; it's too late; I've been seen and recognized here this very afternoon. I should have gone back

to her the day after the fair, if it hadn't been for you talking about the law, and such rubbish, and I won't put it off any longer. What the deuce put it into my head to run away at all I can't think! Humbugging sentiment—that's what it was. But what man was to know that his wife would be in such a hurry to get rid of his name!"

"I should have known it. She's bad enough for anything."

"Pennyways, mind who you are talking to."

"Well, sergeant, all I say is this, that if I were you, I'd go abroad again where I came from; 'tisn't too late to do it now. I wouldn't stir up the business and get a bad name, for the sake of living with her. My eyes and limbs, there'll be a racket if you go back just now—in the middle of Boldwood's Christmasing."

"Yes, I expect I shall be an unwelcome guest if he has her there," said the sergeant grimly. "A sort of Alonzo the Brave; and when I go in the guests will sit in silence and fear, and all laughter and pleasure will be hushed, the lights in the chamber will burn blue, and the worms—ugh! how horrible! Ring for some more brandy, Pennyways, and then I am off. Now let me see: is there anything else? A walking-stick; yes, I must have a walking-stick."

Pennyways now felt himself to be in something of a difficulty; for should Bathsheba and Troy become reconciled, it would be necessary to gain her good opinion if he would secure the patronage of her husband. "I sometimes think she likes ye yet, and is a good woman at bottom," he said as a saving sentence. "But there's no telling to a certainty from a body's outside. Well, you'll do as you like about going, of course, sergeant, and as for me, I'll do as you tell me."

"Now let me see what the time is," said Troy, after emptying his glass in one draught as he stood. "Six o'clock. I shall not hurry along the road, and I shall be there then before nine."

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### CONCURRITUR; HORAE MOMENTO.

OUTSIDE the front of Boldwood's house a group of men stood in the dark with their faces towards the door, which occasionally opened and closed again for the passage of some guest or servant, a golden rod of light striping the gravel for the moment and vanishing again, leaving nothing outside but the glowworm shine

of the pale lamp amid the evergreens over the door.

"He was seen in Casterbridge this afternoon, so the boy said," one of them remarked in a whisper. "And I for one believe it. His body was never found, ye know."

"'Tis a strange story," said the next. "You may depend upon't that she knows nothing about it."

"Not a word."

"Perhaps he don't mean that she shall," said another man.

"If he's alive, and here in the neighbourhood, he means mischief," said the first. "Poor girl: I do pity her, if 'tis true. He'll drag her to the dogs."

"Oh no, he'll settle down quiet enough," said one disposed to take a more hopeful view of the case.

"What a fool she must have been ever to have had anything to do with the man! She is so self-willed and headstrong, too, that one is more minded to say it serves her right than pity her."

"No, no; I don't go with ye there. She was no otherwise than a girl, mind, and how could she tell what the man was made of! If 'tis really true, it is too hard a punishment, and more than she ought to have — Hullo, who's that?" This was addressed to some footsteps that were heard approaching.

"William Smallbury," said a dim figure, and he came up and joined them. "Dark as a flue to-night, isn't it? I almost missed the plank over the river there in the bottom — never did such a thing afore. Be ye any of Boldwood's work-folk?" He peered into their faces.

"Yes; we met here a few minutes ago."

"Oh, I hear now; that's Sam Samway; thought I knowed the voice too; going in?"

"Presently. But I say, William," he whispered, "have ye heard this strange tale?"

"What — that about Sergeant Troy being seen, d'ye mean, souls?" said Smallbury, also lowering his voice.

"Aye — in Casterbridge."

"Yes, I have. Laban Tall named a hint of it to me but now; but I don't think it. Hark — here comes Laban himself, I think." A footstep drew near.

"Laban?"

"'Tis I," said Tall.

"Have ye heard any more about that?" the other inquired.

"No," said Tall, joining the group. "And I'm inclined to think we'd better

keep quiet. If so be 'tis not true 'twill flurry her, and do her harm to repeat it, and if so be 'tis true, 'twill do her no good to forestall her time of trouble. God send that it may be a lie, for though Henery Fray and some o' 'em do speak against her, she's never been anything but fair to me. She's hot and hasty, but she's a brave girl, who'll never tell a lie, however much the truth may harm her; I've no cause to wish her evil."

"No, she never do tell women's little lies, that's true; and 'tis a thing that can be said of very few. All the harm she thinks she says to your face; there's nothing underhand wi' her."

They stood silent then, every man buised with his own thoughts, during which intervalsounds of merriment could be heard within. Then the front door again opened, the rays streamed out, the well-known form of Boldwood was seen in the oblong area of light, the door closed, and Boldwood walked slowly down the path.

"'Tis master," one of the men whispered, as he neared them. "We'd better stay quiet; he'll go in again directly. He would think it ill-mannered of us to be loitering here."

Boldwood came on and passed by the men, who were standing under the bushes on the grass. He paused, leant over the gate, and breathed a long breath. Then they heard low words: —

"I hope to God she'll come, or all this night will be nothing but misery to me. Oh, my darling, why do you keep me in suspense like this?"

He said this to himself, and they all distinctly marked it. Boldwood became silent again, and the noise from indoors was audible as before, until, a few minutes later, light wheels could be distinguished coming down the hill. They drew nearer and ceased at the gate. Boldwood hastened back to the door and opened it, and the light shone upon Bathsheba advancing up the path.

Boldwood compressed his emotion to mere welcome: the men heard her light laugh and apology as she met him; he took her into the house, and the door closed again.

"Good God! I didn't know it was like that with him!" said one of the men. "I thought that fancy of his was over long ago."

"You don't know much of master if you thought that," said Samway.

"I wouldn't he should know we heard what he said for the world," said a third.

"I wish we had told of the report," the first uneasily continued; "more harm may come from this than we know of. Poor Mr. Boldwood! it will be hard upon him. I wish Troy was in— Well, God forgive me for such a wish! A scoundrel, to play a poor wife such tricks. Nothing has prospered in Weatherbury since he came here. And now I've no heart to go in. Let's look into Warren's, shall we, neighbours?"

Samway, Tall, and Smallbury agreed to go, and went out at the gate, the remaining ones entering the hall. The three soon drew near the malthouse, approaching it from the adjoining orchard, and not by way of the street. The pane of glass was illuminated as usual. Smallbury was a little in advance of the rest when, pausing, he turned suddenly to his companions and said, "Hist! See there."

The light from the pane was now perceived to be shining not upon the ivied wall as usual, but upon some object close to the glass. It was a human face.

"Let's come closer," whispered Samway; and they approached on tiptoe. There was no disbelieving the report any longer. Troy's face was almost close to the pane, and he was looking in. Not only was he looking in, but he appeared to have been arrested by a conversation which was in progress in the malthouse. The voices of the interlocutors being those of Oak and the maltster.

"The spree is all in her honour, isn't it?" said the maltster, "although he made believe 'tis only a Christmas party."

"I cannot say," replied Oak.

"Oh, 'tis true enough. I can't understand Farmer Boldwood being such a fool as to hanker after that woman in the way that 'a do, and she not care a bit about en."

The men, after recognizing Troy's features, withdrew across the orchard as silently as they had come. The air was full of Bathsheba's fortunes to-night; every word everywhere concerned her. When they were quite out of earshot all by one instinct paused.

"It gave me quite a turn—his face," said Tall.

"And so it did me," said Samway. "What's to be done?"

"I don't see that it's any business of ours," Smallbury murmured.

"Oh, yes; 'tis a thing which is everybody's business," said Samway. "We know very well that master's on a wrong tack, and that she's quite in the dark, and we should let 'em know at once.

Laban, you know her best; you'd better go and ask to speak to her."

"I'm not fit for any such thing," said Laban nervously. "I should think that William ought to go if anybody; he's oldest."

"Faith, I shall have nothing to do with it," said Smallbury. "'Tis a ticklish business altogether. Why, he'll go on to her himself in a few minutes, ye'll see."

"We don't know that he will. Come, Laban."

"Very well, if I must, I must, I suppose," Tall reluctantly answered. "What must I say?"

"Just ask to see master."

"Oh, no: I shan't speak to Mr. Boldwood. If I tell anybody 'twill be mistress."

"Very well," said Samway.

Laban then went to the door. When he opened it the hum of bustle rolled out as a wave upon a still strand—the assembly being immediately inside in the hall—and was deadened to a murmur as he closed it again. Each man waited intently, and looked around at the dark tree-tops gently rocking against the sky and occasionally shivering in a slight wind. One began walking up and down, and then stopped and came again to the spot whence he started, as if walking were a thing not worth doing.

"I should think Laban must ha' seen mistress by this time," said Smallbury, breaking the silence. "Perhaps she won't come and speak to him."

The door opened; Tall appeared and joined them.

"Well," they both said.

"I didn't like to ask for her after all," Laban faltered out. "They were all in such a stir, trying to put a little spirit into the party; for somehow the fun seems to hang fire, though everything's there that a heart can desire; and I couldn't for my soul interfere and throw damp upon it—if 'twas to save my life I couldn't."

"I suppose we had better all go in together," said Samway, gloomily. "Perhaps I may have a chance of saying a word to master."

So the men entered the hall, which had been selected and arranged for the gathering because of its size. The younger men and maids were at last just beginning to dance. Bathsheba had been perplexed how to act, for she was not much more than a slim young girl herself, and the weight of staidness sat heavy upon her. Sometimes she thought

that she ought not to have come under any circumstances; then she considered what cold unkindness her refusal would have been; and finally resolved upon the middle course of staying for about an hour only, and gliding off unobserved, having from the first made up her mind that she could on no account dance, sing, or take any active part in the proceedings.

So when the allotted hour had been passed in chatting and looking at the rest of them, she told Liddy not to hurry herself, and went, to prepare for departure, into the small parlour, which like the hall was decorated with holly and ivy, and well lighted up.

Nobody was in the room, but she had hardly been there a moment when the master of the house entered.

"Mrs. Troy, you are not going?" he said.

"If you'll excuse me, I should like to go now," she returned hurriedly. "But as it is not late I can walk home, and leave my man and Liddy to come when they choose." Her manner was restive, for she remembered her promise, and inquired what he was about to say.

"I've been trying to get an opportunity of speaking to you," said Boldwood. "You know, perhaps, what I long to say."

Bathsheba silently looked on the floor.

"You do give it?" he said, eagerly.

"What?" she whispered.

"Now, that's evasion," he said, reproachfully. "Why, the promise. I don't want to intrude upon you at all, or to let it be known to anybody. But do give your word! A mere business compact, you know, between two people who are beyond the influence of passion." Boldwood knew how false this picture was, as regarded himself; but he had proved that it was the only tone in which she would allow him to approach her. "A promise to marry me at the end of five years and three quarters. You owe it to me!"

"I feel that I do," said Bathsheba; "that is, if you demand it. But I am a changed woman — an unhappy woman — and not — not —"

"You are still a very beautiful woman," said Boldwood. Honesty and pure conviction suggested the remark, and it was unaccompanied by any thought that these might have been the very words chosen by blunt flattery to soothe and win her.

"I have no feeling in the matter at all," she said in a passionless murmur, which

was in itself a proof of her words. "And I don't at all know what is right to do in my difficult position, and I have nobody to advise me. But I give my promise, if I must; I give it as the rendering of a debt."

"You'll marry me in five or six years?"

"Don't press me too hard. I'll marry nobody else."

"But sure you will name the time, or there's nothing in the promise at all."

"I don't know — pray let me go!" she said, her bosom beginning to rise. "I am afraid what to do; I want to be just to you, and to be that seems to be wronging myself. It may be breaking the commandments. Let me ask a solicitor, Mr. Boldwood!"

"Say the words, dear one, and the subject shall be dropped. Oh, Bathsheba, say them!" he begged in a husky voice, unable to sustain the forms of mere friendship any longer. "Promise yourself to me! I deserve it, indeed I do, for I have loved you more than anybody in the world. And if I once said hasty words, and showed uncalled-for heat of manner towards you, believe me, dearest, I did not mean to distress you. I was in agony, Bathsheba; I didn't know what I said. You wouldn't let a dog suffer what I have suffered, could you but know it. Sometimes I shrink from you, knowing what I have felt for you. And sometimes I am distressed that all of it you never will know. Be gracious, and give up a little for me when I would give up all the world for you!"

The trimmings of her dress as they quivered against the light showed how agitated she was. "And you'll not — press me about anything more — if I say in five or six years?" she asked, after waiting for self-command sufficient to frame the words.

"Yes; then I will leave it to time."

"Very well. I'll marry you in six years from this day."

"And you'll take this as a tribute from me?"

Boldwood had come close to her side, and now clasped one of her hands in both his own, and lifted it.

"What is it? Oh, I cannot wear a ring!" she exclaimed, on seeing what he held besides. "I wouldn't have a soul know that it is an engagement. Perhaps it is wrong; besides, it is not an engagement in the usual sense. Don't insist, Mr. Boldwood — don't!" In her distress at not being able to get her hand away from his, she stamped tremulously

with one foot, and tears crowded to her eyes.

"It means simply a pledge — no sentiment, the seal of a practical compact," he said more quietly, but still retaining her hand in his firm grasp. "Come, now!" and Boldwood slipped the ring on her finger.

"I cannot wear it! Oh I cannot!" she said weeping as if her heart would break; "you frighten me almost — so wild a scheme — six years! Please let me go home!"

"Only to-night. Wear it just to-night."

Bathsheba sat down in a chair, and buried her face in her handkerchief, one hand being still held by Boldwood. At last she said in a sort of hopeless whisper, "Very well, then, I will to-night if you wish it so earnestly. Now loosen my hand; I have promised."

Boldwood then allowed her hand to drop into her lap. "I am happy now," he said. "God bless you."

The farmer then left the room, and, when he thought she might be sufficiently composed, sent one of the maids to her. Bathsheba cloaked the effects of the late scene as she best could, followed the girl, and in a few minutes came downstairs ready to go.

To get to the door it was necessary to pass through the hall, and before doing so she paused on the staircase, which descended in one corner of the same room, to take a last look at the company. There was no music or dancing in progress just now. At the lower end, which had been arranged for the workpeople, a group was conversing in whispers, and with clouded looks. Boldwood was standing by the fireplace, and he too, though so absorbed in ecstatic visions arising from her promise that he scarcely saw anything, seemed to have observed their peculiar manner, and their looks askance.

"What is it you are in doubt about, men?" he said.

One of them turned and replied uneasily, "It was something Laban heard of, that's all, sir."

"News? Anybody married, born, or dead?" inquired the farmer gayly. "Tell it to us, Tall. One would think from your looks and mysterious ways that it was something very dreadful indeed."

"Oh no, sir; nobody is dead," said Tall.

"I wish somebody was," said Samway.

"What do you say, Samway?" asked Boldwood somewhat sharply. "If you have anything to say, say it. If not, get up another dance."

"Mrs. Troy has come down-stairs," murmured Samway to Tall. "If you want to tell her you had better now."

"Do you know what they mean?" the farmer asked of Bathsheba across the room.

"I don't in the least," said Bathsheba.

There was a smart rapping at the door. One of the men opened it instantly, and went outside.

"Mrs. Troy is wanted," he said on returning.

"Quite ready," said Bathsheba. "I didn't tell them to send."

"It is a stranger, ma'am," said the man by the door.

"A stranger?" she said.

"Ask him to come in," said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes as we have seen him, stood in the doorway.

There was an unearthly silence, all looking towards the new-comer. Those who knew he was in the neighbourhood recognized him instantly: those who did not were perplexed. Nobody noted Bathsheba. She was leaning on the stairs, her brow had heavily contracted, her whole face was pallid, her lips were apart, her eyes rigidly staring at Troy.

Boldwood was among those who did not notice who he was. "Come in, come in," he repeated, "and drink a Christmas beaker with us."

Troy next advanced into the middle of the room, took off his cap, turned down his coat-collar, and looked Boldwood in the face. Even then Boldwood did not recognize that the impersonator of Heaven's persistent irony towards him, who had once before broken in upon his bliss and snatched away his one delight, had returned to do these things a second time. Troy began a mechanical laugh: Boldwood recognized him now.

Troy turned to Bathsheba. The poor girl's wretchedness at this time was beyond all fancy or relation. She had sunk on the lowest stair and there she sat — her lips blue and dry, her dark eyes fixed vacantly upon him, as if she wondered if it were not all a terrible illusion.

Then Troy spoke: "Bathsheba, I come here for you."

She made no reply.

"Come home with me: come."

Bathsheba moved her feet and hands a little but did not rise. Troy went across to her.

"Come, madam, do you hear what I say?" he said peremptorily.

A strange voice came from the fireplace, a voice sounding far off and confined, as if from a dungeon. Hardly a soul in the assembly recognized the thin tones to be those of Boldwood. Sudden despair had transformed him quite.

"Bathsheba, go with your husband!"

Nevertheless she did not move. The truth was that Bathsheba was beyond the pale of activity, and yet not in a swoon. She was in a state of mental *gutta serena*; her mind was for the time totally deprived of light, no obscuracion being apparent from without.

Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, when she quickly shrank back. This visible dread seemed to irritate Troy, and he seized her arm and pulled it sharply. Whether his grasp pinched her, or whether his mere touch was the cause, was never known, but at the moment of the act she writhed, and gave a quick, low scream.

The scream had been heard but a few seconds when a sudden, deafening report echoed through the room, stupefying them all. The oak partition shook with the concussion, and the place was filled with gray smoke.

In bewilderment they turned their eyes to Boldwood. At his back, as he stood before the fireplace, was the gun-rack that is usual in farmhouses, constructed to contain two guns. When Bathsheba had cried out in her husband's grasp, Boldwood's face of gnashing despair had changed. The veins had swollen, and a frenzied look had gleamed in his eye. He had turned quickly, taken one of the guns, and at once discharged it at Troy.

Troy fell. The distance apart of the two men was so short that the charge of shot did not spread in the least, but passed like a bullet into his body. He uttered a long, guttural sigh; there was a contraction, an extension; then his muscles relaxed, and he lay still.

Boldwood was seen through the smoke to be now again engaged with the gun. It was double-barrelled, and meanwhile he had in some way fastened his handkerchief to the trigger, and with his foot on the other end was in the act of turning the second barrel upon himself. Samway, his man, was the first to see this, and in the midst of the general horror darted up to him. Boldwood had

already twitched the handkerchief, and the gun exploded a second time, by a timely blow from Samway sending its charge harmlessly into the beam which crossed the ceiling.

"Well, it makes no difference," Boldwood gasped. "There is another way for me to die."

Then he broke from Samway, crossed the room to Bathsheba, and kissed her hand. He put on his hat, opened the door, and went into the darkness, nobody thinking to prevent him.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"OLD LABELS."

EVENTS have lately so shaped themselves in my life that it had become necessary for me to buy furniture, and materially increase my stock of goods and chattels. Among other things, my wardrobe has needed one or two alterations, and, having in view the possibility of no little travelling, I have thought it advisable to supply myself with a new outfit of portmanteaux, carpet bags, and trunks. Mine were indeed old. But by far the oldest of the things of the kind in my possession was a dilapidated hat-box which I had owned for many a year, and which had followed me in many a wandering. It was assuredly past work; its edges were worn through, its cover was split in one or two places, and in every part it showed signs of long use and some rough handling. It was an old companion, and before handing it over finally to my servant to be sold as old leather, I amused myself by tearing off the various labels which in whole or part still remained on its weather-beaten back and sides.

How many associations they recall! How many feelings of days long gone by force themselves into my mind as I read the names of the places where those feelings first had being, or were most strong! Phases of life forever past; hopes and fears the folly of which is now so apparent; memories of friends no longer friendly, or of acquaintances once in perpetual intercourse, but now far removed from my ken; all these are brought before me as vividly as if they still were, and it seems as though the past and I were united once more.

Peeping out here and there, or buried amid a superimposed pile of others, are fragments such as Ox . . . Oxf . . . for

... rd ... What a happy life they bring back ! The freshman's term, when all was new and strange, when tradesmen solicited custom and not money, when attendance at chapel and college lectures seemed the thing which would commend itself to every well-ordered mind, when an invitation to wine seemed the height of social felicity, when dinners in hall were eaten regularly and without complaint, when the tutors appeared models of wisdom and good manners, and their instruction the essence of education, when the 'Varsity eleven, or the 'Varsity eight, seemed heroes of almost another world, and a canoe down to Iffley, or half-an-hour's practice on the Magdalen was as much as one's studious habits would allow. And then the second year — the year perhaps in one's life which one would most readily select to live over again, were it not for the stern rule,

Non tamen irritum  
Quodcunque retro est efficit, neque  
Diffinget infectumque reddet  
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

The year in which there is more enjoyment perhaps than is possible in any other time of life, in which "the blossom of the flying terms" is sweetest, in which, in a word, the one sole drawback to happiness is the near approach of "Mods." Oh, that second year at Oxford, how many others is it not worth ? New friendships are in their full flush ; new pleasures are found out, but not become stale ; the strength of manhood has arrived, its stern necessities are still to come. The dons are still friendly, tradesmen are still indulgent, the wished-for place in the eleven or the eight is perhaps attained, and the firm determination to beat "those Cambridge devils," lends zest to practice and pleasure to self-denial. Every pleasure is in full swing, and every week passes as it were a day. Who would not be back again at Oxford who has once drunk of its intoxicating joys ? The summer days at Bullingdon, with the races on the wearied old hacks, the hard-fought matches on the Magdalen, or determined spurts from the "Gut," the cheery evenings of talk on literature or politics, when dogmas were laid down with the full authority of inexperience, and when no debater ever considered the possibility of a question having two sides, or of there being any exception to the general rule so boldly propounded. Then the winter mornings — hunting-breakfasts, covert hacks to Lord

Macclesfield's opening meets, or Tolley's best screws for a day with the Christ Church harriers. Then the whist-parties at Merton, the literary dinners at Balliol, the snipe-shootings with fellows of Magdalen, the balls at Woodstock, the rubbers at racquets, the games of pool after club-wines, the cosy *tête-à-têtes* with a bosom friend, or the pleasant gatherings of three or four to crack a bottle of claret after hall ; the forbidden dinners at the Mitre, where the dreaded apparition of a proctor was so imminent, and where the shrill voice of "Snipes" was so often heard ordering champagne cup for number four. Is there anything like such a life ? Is the capacity for enjoyment ever so keen ? Do troubles ever seem so light, difficulties ever cause less anxiety ?

Then the third year, with "Greats" impending like the sword of Damocles over one's head, with the problem of life coming nearer, with dons growing clamorous and dons more exacting, with its losses by friends going down and cherished coteries being broken up, and finally with its desperate excitement of the schools, and the stormy interview with "the governor." And then a visit to Oxford for the last time, when in the view of shouting freshmen you put on your master's gown and look to see whether your whiskers are not grey.

They are numerous and bright recollections that are brought back to me by these innermost labels of my hat-box.

*Genève*, tightly fastened on, and near another ticket on which the letters *de l'Ecu* are just legible. *Hôtel de l'Ecu, Genève* ; that was at the end of my second year. We went for a reading-party to Switzerland, four of us. A reading-party, save the mark ! Two were mad for walking, and thought nothing compatible with Anglicism save mounting the ruggedest peaks and chilliest glaciers they could find ; two were fishermen, and ferreted out the most likely rivers within miles of Geneva. One made desperate efforts to learn the language, but without success. "*Donnez-moi de poison*," he said on one occasion to the astonished waiter ; and on another "*Je suis femme*." But we did but little reading, and owed to our work in the coming term the little satisfaction which we gave to the moderators. Still, we enjoyed ourselves, and did ourselves good. What glorious swims in the clear blue waters of the Rhine ; what expeditions to Chillon, Ouchy and Vevey ; what rambles through the valleys of the Brevent range ; and what labo-

rious climbs up the Buet, and the Col d'Anterne! I shall never forget one bathe we had. We had had a plunge in the Lake of Geneva in the morning, the warm water of which was delightful, and in the afternoon we had a hot and dusty walk. Towards six we arrived at a little village in the mountains, near to which was a small lake, into which we all of us fancied a header. Edwards, a somewhat timorous specimen, and a poor swimmer, was the first in his birthday clothes, and, pleased with his haste, plunged into the lake with unhesitating confidence. His face, on coming to the surface, was a caution. He gasped and panted like a chased hare, and made for the bank with an expression of terror. "What on earth is the matter?" "Ah! ah! ah! — it's like ice." And so it was. Ten strokes endangered cramp, and not one of us could swim across the lake. Why the water was so cold we never could fathom, but neither could we the lake itself, so perhaps its depth had something to do with it. A river close by was many degrees warmer, even when flooded with snow-water.

Roberts, one of the fishermen of our party, distinguished himself shortly afterwards. He made the acquaintance of a Swiss *pasteur*, and tried to impress him with the attractions of a trout stream. His Reverence listened attentively to all that Roberts said, and on one occasion went so far as to accompany him up the river. Roberts, however, was rather disgusted at a way he had of picking up stones and throwing them into all the most likely pools, saying "*Fetes la mouche là — voilà un bon endroit.*" After much argument, Roberts persuaded him that such a course was not likely to conduce to sport. Shortly afterwards the parson had his revenge, for Roberts, who was a stout, unwieldy little chap, much given to puffing at a huge meerschaum, saw a large trout rising at the opposite side of a broad pool, just about the end of his reach. He was extremely desirous of showing his skill, as well as of annexing the trout, and he made a series of violent efforts which culminated in his throwing his rod, his pipe, and himself into the water.

He was very angry at me for laughing, and still more vexed because the *pasteur* said he did not think much of "*la pêche.*" Indeed, we had to subscribe to give him a new pipe, or I believe he would always have allowed the episode to rankle in his mind.

I went on several reading-parties while at Oxford, but none which was so varied in its enjoyments as an expedition to Switzerland. Once some of us went to Beddgelert — a corner of the Carnarvon label is still on my hat-box — and enjoyed heartily three weeks of delicious spring weather. We began badly, for, to our shame be it said, we arrived late on a Saturday evening, and spent the afternoon of the following day on the banks of the river tickling trout. The parson of the place, in consequence of this proposed himself to bread-and-cheese and beer, and during the simple meal expatiated on the enormity of our offence, saying that it did not much matter what we did, provided we did not go fishing on Sunday. We promised compliance, but we rather resented the good gentleman's reproof. I am sorry to say also that we retaliated most basely. For shortly afterwards we discovered that the reverend gentleman was greatly given to meteorology and weather-reports. He kept a rain-gauge, we ascertained, and sent every week reports of his investigations as to the rainfall of the district. Barbarously mischievous, we bribed a little boy to pour half a tumblerful of water into the rain-gauge every morning, in consequence of which, long before the end of our stay, the parson was amazed at the difference between the rainfall of the village as published from his reports, and his own experience of the weather. I am not quite sure whether he ever discovered the trick, but Roberts, who was the leader of the malevolence, said he was rather cool to him at a subsequent meeting.

Little Roberts was always putting his foot into it with the parsons. On one occasion we persuaded him to go to an afternoon service with us, after a luncheon in which he had given full play to his Sunday appetite. The result was that he went to sleep during the sermon. In the middle of his snooze he dropped his prayer-book, and said, but not loudly, "Come in." The opportunity was too good to be missed, so after a moment's pause I rapped with my umbrella on the desk in front of Roberts's nodding head. The bait took. To the amazement of the congregation, and the indignation of the eloquent preacher, who was interrupted in one of his most effective periods, Roberts started up and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Come in, confound you! I told you so before."

Various labels of Euston, Paddington,

and Waterloo. Let everything be said against it that can be, there is, after all, no place like London for a permanency. Where such an exchange of ideas? Where such brightening up and polish of intellect? Where such thought and easy removal of the rust which will accumulate over the clearest mind, and dim the reflection of even the most shining reason? How it varies! Before Easter, with Parliament in the full strength of spring youth, with enough people to make society, and enough "things" to please all but a social glutton. When friends are dropping in one by one, and every day a new face is seen, and new information given and received. And then the season. A perpetual and interminable "go." Parties, dinners, visits, business. Business, visits, dinners, parties. A looking-glass crammed with cards—"at homes," "requests the pleasure," "is commanded to invite." Dances, teas, dinners, breakfasts. One incessant fidget from Monday to Saturday, till long ere August one is hot and wearied and satiated. The Derby week with its influx of heavy moustaches, tanned faces, and trimmed whiskers. Ascot with its gorgeousness of ladies' apparel, and its far more legitimate racing. Last, blissful sign of welcome release, Goodwood, with its stately scenery and far quieter crowd. And then London in November, like a restless torrent, subsided into a tranquil stream. When the few friends who are there are glad to see you, and do see you. When, if you dine out, you spend a cosy, comfortable evening, broken by no necessity of bolting away to Lady A's dinner, or Mrs. B's ball. When you have merry parties at the play, or intellectual gatherings of the clever, the odd, or the witty, to spend the long winter evenings in real enjoyment of one another's society, and not in hurried and spasmodic conversation. In the season there is no pause, no stay. Ere you have even tasted one sweet you are driven on to another. In November you have leisure to do as you will. There is none of the high pressure which in these days seems the characteristic of all combined life. For pleasure, for business, for society, London in November is far preferable to the giddy, turbulent, excited city of June and July.

Lastly, there is London at the only time when it is really hateful. From the second week in August till the third week in September. When those people who

are there live in their back rooms, and when, if you meet a friend in the park, he or she looks upon you as if you were a wild man of the woods. When your club is being painted, when all the streets are up; when the opera is shut, and none of the good plays open; when your tailor is especially anxious about his little bill; when your cook wants a holiday, and you yourself have invitations by every post; when you meet day after day men coming from and going to every conceivable state of rural enjoyment; when De Winton tells you of his moor, Fitz Alpyne of his mountain feats; when your pretty cousin is at Lucerne, your idle brother on the Spey; when you know that delights are open to you in any of which you would revel luxuriously, were it not that stern necessity chains you to the hot and dusty town. Assuredly is he to be pitied whose destiny keeps him in London when the grouse on a thousand hills are whirling away from their enemies' aim, or when the partridges are counting the hours that remain to them of life.

How the next label that I tear from my trusty hat-box changes the scene! Perth. What pleasant associations are immediately called up. Arrival in the early morning after a restless sleep, broken towards Carlisle by the jolting of the speeding train, or marred by dreams of rocky dangers or violent death. A ravenous rush to the room where a hot and hearty breakfast awaits the appetite, already stimulated by the northern air. A perpetual ringing of bells, and incoming or exit of trains, from or to which pour kilted or knickerbockered athletes, with calves of every possible degree of muscularity. Unwilling dogs, dragged at by perplexed gillies, and vainly attempting to make friends with their kind, who are being lugged in an opposite direction. Gun-cases of all shapes and sizes, and rod-boxes or bundles of rods. Cheery inquiries of friends—who ever was at Perth in August without seeing some one he knew?—as to past or coming sport. Comparison of notes as to the grouse in various counties, or the hope of proper water in the Spey, the Tweed, the Spaan, or the Tay. Or the half-concealed exultation of some fortunate who has had the higher privilege of a forest, and who perchance has had a successful stalk of a "royal." Then how pleasant is the onward journey to the north—perchance through the Gate of the Highlands by the night garry, past the wooded vale of

Killiecrankie, and on towards Inverness, through the lonely moors, where your train frightens herds of grouse, whose flight makes your fingers itch for the trigger of your gun. Ay, those past days of August, what happy days were they!

Dublin. Of all places to arrive at perchance the worst. The desolate wait at Kingstown whilst the steamer is being unladen. (Why will not the company, who have established the most perfect journey in existence, give the little finishing touch which is wanted, by having some system of more rapid unloading?) When your nostrils are still full of the steamer odour of oil and paint; when your head still owns to the rise and fall of the hateful waves, which have been "bounding beneath" you like anything but "a steed that knows its rider." When you are cold and hungry, and yet disinclined to be warm or eat. The ill-omened voice of the boy who cries out "Shmorning's shmail, shmorning's shneus, shmorning's shmites." The offensiveness of the young man who thinks it the right thing to light a cigar, but who evidently does not enjoy it. The pale faces of the dishevelled-looking ladies, whose sufferings have if possible been worse than your own. The slovenly railway carriages, and the slow, dismal journey along the coast to Dublin, ended by the unwelcomed arrival in a town which is but half awake, and not one quarter cleaned. All combine to make a coming to Dublin as chill and cheerless a performance as can well be conceived.

But Dublin brightens up on acquaintance. The chaff of the carmen is not all ideal, and good things are by no means few and far between. Talk to one, open his mouth, not by extra pay, but by a sign of interest in his welfare, by inquiries after his horse, his trade, his employment, and it will be odd if you are not rewarded by at least an occasional sparkle of that wit which is so thoroughly characteristic of Ould Ireland.

Were you ever in Dublin in the season? If so you may have seen a society which in certain respects is unique. The "vicaragal" lodge has immigrated to the castle, and all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the capital of the Emerald Isle are entertained week after week through the first three months of the year by the queen's representative. The dingy old rooms, so dismal and dirty in the autumn, are brightened up and painted. Trophies of modern arms, and specimens of older weapons, adorn

the staircase, up which pass a crowd of uniformed men and fair ladies to St. Patrick's Hall, where the viceroy holds what the Fenian newspapers delight in calling his "tinsel court," and dispenses a hospitality which few are not glad to share. Assuredly when the days come that shall know no vicereignty — and the period of that anomalous office without doubt is drawing to a close — Dublin will be not a little the loser, unless indeed it so be that royalty accords to Ireland that amount of personal attention which England and Scotland have so long appreciated, and the men of Wicklow, Kerry, or Kildare have an opportunity of showing for a length of time that loyalty which has hitherto had but spasmodic and occasional outlets.

I see that my poor old hat-box has been with me to Killarney, and I think I shall keep the old label that records the visit as a reminiscence of indeed a pleasant time. To know the full value of lake-life, go and spend a fortnight in August at Killarney. Avoid the conventional routes. Do not go through the Gap of Dunloe, which, though pretty, is much exaggerated. But wander over Ross Island, climb Mangerton, and descend round Glen-a-Copple. See Torc waterfall, if you will, and by all means row by Muckross and between the lakes; but rather follow your own bent, and with sketchbook in hand wander about the wild woods, and admire to your heart's content the rich effects which the arbutus make on the rocky shores. Then what expeditions you may have in the cool, soft evenings on the lake! When echo-men, with their detestable horns, are wearied of blowing their gamuts; when the wind has dropped, and "not a ripple stirs the tide;" when nothing breaks the silence save the sound of a rich, soft voice from the stern of your boat, or the full, round chorus of the boatmen as they sing "The Cruiskeen Lawn;" in a word, when you feel inclined to say, with the French poet of another lake —

O temps, suspends ton vol, et vous heures  
propices,  
Suspendez votre cours;  
Laissez nous savourer les rapides délices  
Du plus beau de nos jours.

Assez de malheureux ici bas vous implorant,  
Coulez, coulez pour eux.  
Prenez avec leurs jours les soins qui les dé-  
vorent —  
Oubliez les heureux.

O lac, rochers muets, grotte, forêt obscur,  
 Vous que le temps épargne, ou qu'il peut  
 rejeter,  
 Gardez de ce beau jour, gardez belle nature,  
 Au moins le souvenir.

It was once my fate to have a day's woodcock-shooting in some woods close by the lower lake, and for combination of scenery and sport I doubt if that day could be equalled. One wood in especial was on a high bank overlooking the lake, on which a winter sun was shining with all its frosty brilliance.

Frost in the air till every spray  
 Stands diamond-set with rime,  
 Which falls a while at mid of day,  
 With tiny tinkling chime.

An unusual thing for Killarney. But this winter sun lit up the waters of the lake and the old ruined castle of Ross, and left in shade the shores on the further side, and the towering hills which in the gloom seemed sheer and precipitous. In the distance the Macgillcuddy Reeks (don't emphasize the second syllable, by the way) loomed as a severe background, and beneath our feet was the diamond-set wood which we were beating. It was a sight for sore eyes, and I confess that I stood enjoying the scene so long that "the flapped velvet of the woodcock's wing" passed by me utterly unheeded, till I was recalled to a sense of my neglect by the jeers of the gun next me—an utterly prosaic Englishman, by the way, who cared nothing for nature except as regarded pheasants, rabbits, and, above all, "cock." Killarney is beautiful in all seasons, but in spite of the manifold attractions of the winter, August—rich, gorgeous August—is the month in which a visit will be most repaid.

The lake, however, can be wroth as well as smiling, and its anger is by no means to be despised. It happened to me once to have a very *mauvais quart d'heure* one afternoon. We were a large party, in not a very large boat, and some of us were children. Suddenly, with little warning, a violent squall came on, when we were some distance from any island, and about as far as we could be from the mainland. I had seen squalls on the Swiss mountain lakes, but was by no means prepared for like violence in the fair but smaller Killarney. As a matter of course women became frightened, and the older ladies issued all sorts of contradictory orders. The girls, as an equal matter of course, were the bravest of the party, and the children rather en-

joyed the fun. I saw, however, by the head boatman's face that it was no matter for joking, and as I had luckily some influence over the steersman, the boat's head was turned for the nearest island. As it happened, we had to row almost across the wind, a whispered consultation with Danny McFlinn having convinced me that that was the wisest, if the boldest, course; and at one time it really seemed as though we should be swamped before we reached the shore. The wind howled about us in fury; the lake spat and foamed like an angry tiger-cat; rain hissed about our ears, and every moment the waves grew larger and more threatening. We shipped one or two, one which rose over the stern of the boat and frightened her of the helm so that she dropped the ropes. Luckily the pulling was very even, and we were near the shore; but the boatmen, who were rowing all they knew, had to pull the boat's head round and to put on an extra spurt. The boat rocked and rolled till her gunwale was close to the water. One of our party quietly took off his coat and waistcoat; but our swimming capacity was not to be tried, for by great exertions on the rowers' part they succeeded in reaching the lee of the island, where we waited till the squall had passed by and the lake had assumed again the smile of one who can ne'er be aught but pleasant. You may imagine that even when safe under the island we had a baddish time. Censure was freely bandied about, she receiving not a little who had counselled the expedition. But we men lent the children what dry garments we had, and the younger women did not mind the wet; so that at last, when safe at tea on shore, we looked back on the incident with rather a pleasant interest.

There are but few more labels on my hat-box, but one recurs with considerable frequency. This frequency took its rise from a beautiful spring day in the early part of one June. I came, I saw, I — was — conquered. The latter process, of course, was not done all at once; but the wound which caused my final overthrow was sudden and severe. How shall I describe the weapon? Do I know it myself? Was it the fair young face, with its marvellous combination of gravity and merriment? Was it the blue English eyes, able alike to pour forth glances of thoughtfulness, tenderness, or wit? Was it the strong, full figure, tall yet not magnificent, slender and graceful, yet rich enough for a sculptor's admira-

tion? Was it the *tout petit pied* which peeped out occasionally from the muslin gown, and then scuttled back to its hiding-place like a rabbit? Or was it not the sunny laugh alternating with the intelligent interest, as the talk passes

From grave to gay, from lively to severe!

How well I remember a curious sensation on the evening of that day that something indefinable, something of which I was hardly conscious and could by no means explain, had happened to me! I felt a sort of mental indigestion, as though my mind had had too many good things; a sort of pain which is not all pain, like a toothache which is passing off. I did not analyze it; I knew not its cause then, and indeed not till my eyes were wider opened did I fully realize that this feeling had existed. But it was there, and it made me to be called all manner of bad and unsociable names at the club, where my conversation was monosyllabic and my whist subject to the demon of misplay.

The summer that followed was like a dream. Those days in Windsor Park when we wandered about under the stately trees and revelled in the luscious sunshine without and within. Those evenings on the Thames, when we floated from Clevedon down towards Windsor, and uncertainty was sweet. The afternoons in the playing-fields at Eton, where I gathered from the sister's love I saw what the wife's might be that I hoped for. The quiet Sundays, when I rested from the flare and heat and worry of the busy city, and in grave and thoughtful talk found in the mind I loved a richness and depth of which at first I wotted not. And then that happy day when a sweet doubt gave place to a sweeter certainty, when the tale which is ever old yet ever new, was poured into a little pink and white ear that absorbed it not unwillingly. When the answer for which I longed was given rather by the clear, deep eyes than by the trembling lips. And later, when the latter whispered that their owner thought Juliet was right when she said —

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Then followed many happy days, when we two wandered about the rich English country and drank in the summer happiness mingled with the exquisite pleasure of each other's presence; while as they passed I learned that high as I had esti-

mated the jewel I coveted, the jewel I possessed was of more value still. I traced one by one the founts of noble thoughts and generous actions; I found depths where I had feared shallows, knowledge where I had looked for ignorance; and I gradually came to know that I should have by my side a counsellor upon whose help and sustenance I could lean. After that again there came a baddish time. Fussy ladies insisted on my boring myself in shops; I was made to advise on all sorts of mysterious colours and patterns of which I knew nothing, and then, at least, cared less. I had to hurry from furniture dealers to lawyers, from Lincoln's Inn to Regent Street. I wrote cheques till my wrist ached, pored over settlements and law-deeds till my eyes ached, and argued with tradesmen and workmen and gasmen till my jaws ached. I was accused of heartlessness because I did not care two straws whether the trimmings of a muslin gown should be blue or pink, and considered it a matter of utter indifference whether a travelling-dress had better be dark blue or grey. I was looked upon as almost an outcast because I said I did not in the least mind whether we went to Wales or Switzerland after that day was passed which I thought would never come. And I only was admitted into favour when I proved myself to have a certain amount of taste in reference to a pearl necklace, which the authorities were graciously pleased to approve.

And one time I had serious difficulty. It arose in some way which I could not understand, but something about a letter appeared to have given great offence, and severe glances were flashed indignantly at poor me as I vainly endeavoured to assert innocence. The difficulty might not have been cleared up had it not turned out that a curious complication had arisen, in consequence of a letter intended for some one having been retarded in some corner of the post-office, and a letter intended for me from some one having been put in a wrong envelope.

However, all these worries, as all others do, came to an end at last; and there passed over my head a day of which even now I have a hazy conception. A restless, feverish night ended by a deep sleep in the morning. An unusual amount of new clothes brought in by my servant, including a bran-new pair of boots, with the soles discreetly blackened by the thoughtful Thomas. "Attend to that, ye church-going Benedicts!" Continued

restlessness through breakfast and afterwards, when I had not the slightest idea what the leaders in the *Times*, which I attempted to read, were about; but I made a sort of vague effort to see whether there was anything in the *Post* about any one being married. Fuss till dear old Roberts appeared in his brougham, with an orange-blossom as big as a half-crown in the hole of his dear little frock-coat. When I was carried off still fussily, and had to wait about half an hour in the church, with a sort of notion that every one was looking at me as if I ought to be ashamed of myself; and I was ashamed of myself without knowing why. Then a movement, which brought my heart into my mouth and set me trembling all over, as I advanced a few steps to meet a tall advancing figure clad all in white, and veiled by a fall of lace which but half hid a downcast face, raised but once with a look of love as the quivering fingers closed on mine. A dreamy ceremony, a burst of glorious music, a few happy moments of solitude in the homeward carriage; then an odious assemblage of people whom at any other time both of us would have welcomed heartily, but whose demonstrative kindness we both found wearying. A taste of stodgy cake, and a sip of champagne which might have been seltzer water for all I knew; an idea of some one saying something, and my having to say something else; my servant with a coat and hat, some one with a travelling-bag and shawl which I took from her and all but left behind; and then a whirl away to Euston Square, where my poor old hat-box was impressed by a grinning porter with its last label.

C. B.

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From Blackwood's Magazine,  
THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS  
BROTHER.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

RICHARD ROSS left Lasswade as Dick Brown entered, totally unconscious of him or his errand. They passed each other on the bridge,—the father in the carriage, with his servant on the box, and a hundred delicate comforts about him; the son trudging along the muddy road, somewhat tired from jolting all night in a third-class carriage, but refreshed by the "good wash" which, almost more than his breakfast, had set him up again to encounter strangers. He was well dressed,

in something of the same mode as Val, whose coats he had worn when he was a lad, and whom he unconsciously copied; and though there was a something about him which indicated his lower position, or rather an absence of something which externally marks "a gentleman," his open countenance and candid straightforward look gave the merest stranger who looked at him a confidence in Dick, and conferred upon him a distinction of his own. Richard Ross, however, did not so much as notice the young man as he drove to the railway. He was not anxious about Val in the sense in which his mother was anxious; but his mind was strangely disturbed and jumbled—turned upside down, so to speak. All the common conditions of life had changed for him;—his repose of twenty years was broken, and his thoughts sent back upon the early beginning of his career, when he was so different a man. To be driven back at forty-five to the thoughts and feelings of twenty-five, how strange it is!—and stranger to some men than to others. To those who have lived but little in this long stretch of existence the return costs less; but Richard Ross had not changed by the action of years, only—he was another man; everything in him was altered. And yet he was going back, as it were, to twenty-five, to look at the passion and folly and infatuation of that period of his existence; but with the interval so clearly marked, not only in himself, but in all the others concerned. He was not old, nor did he feel old; in himself he was conscious, not of decay, but of progress. He looked back upon himself at that early age, not with envy, as so many men of the world do, but with a wondering contempt. What a fool he had been! Was it possible that he could ever have been such a fool? Or must it not rather have been some brother, some cousin, some other, not himself, who had been such an idiot?—some visionary man, whose faults somehow had fallen upon *his* shoulders? This was the feeling in his mind, though, of course, he knew very well that it was an absurd feeling. And then, with a curious wonder and bewildering sense of suppressed agitation, he remembered that he was going to see her. Should he know her after three-and-twenty years?—he had recognized her picture, which was strange enough;—and would she know him? And must they meet, and what would they say to each other? There had

never been very much to say, for she was incapable of what he called conversation; and except words of fondness and attempts at instruction, it had been impossible for him, a cultivated and fastidious man, to have any real communication with the wild creature of the woods whom he never even succeeded in taming. What should he find to say to her now, or she to him? The inquiry thrilled him strangely, giving him that bewildering sense of unreality which mixes so deeply in all human emotion. His brain seemed to turn round when he thought of this possible interview. Was she a real being at all, or was he real who was thinking? Had that past ever been? Was it not an imagination, a dream? Ah! it does not even require such a long interval as twenty years to bring this strange giddiness on the soul. That which we have lost, did we ever have it? — the happiness, the life, the other who made life and happiness? I know some houses now, occupied by strange people, whose very names I can't tell you, where yet I feel my own old life must be in full possession of the familiar place, while this dim ghost of me outside asks, Did it ever exist at all? Richard felt this all the more strongly that he was not an imaginative man by nature. He felt his head swim and the world go round with him, and would not believe that the young fool who had borne his name three-and-twenty years before, was or could have been *him*. But yet he was going to see *her*, the other dream, in whom there was not, nor ever had been, any reality. On the whole, instead of perplexing himself with such thoughts, it is better for a man to read in the railway, if he can manage it, even at the risk of hurting his eyes, which require to be *ménagés* at forty-five; or if that will not do, to close his eyes and doze, which is perhaps, where it is practicable, the best way of all.

He got to Oxford the next day in the afternoon — another pale, somewhat dreary afternoon of March, typical day of a reluctant spring, with dust in the streets, and east winds spreading a universal grey around, ruffling the river into pale lines of livid light and gloomy shade, and pinching all the green buds spitefully back to winter again. Heavy clouds were rolling over the heavens when he made his way down to the wharf. His Oxford recollections and Val's indications guided him. He knew the boating-wharf of old, though he had never himself been

aquatic in his tastes. And there was the little house with its narrow strip of garden towards the river, in which a few sickly primroses were trying to flower. No one had thought of the garden since Val's accident, and already it had a neglected look. "Who lives there?" he asked of a bargeman who was lounging by. "It's Brown's, as is head man at Styles's," was the answer. "Head man at Styles's! I thought a woman lived there," said Richard. Then he suddenly recollected himself. "I had forgotten the boy," he added under his breath. How strange it was! and this was his son too — his son as well as Val! But to tell the truth, for the moment he had forgotten the boys, the known and the unknown. He had forgotten that Val was lost, and that he had come here in search of him. He was only conscious, in a strange suppressed haze of excitement, that probably she was within these walls — she — the woman of whom he had said *maladetta*; of whom Val had said that she looked as if she had been a lady. This strange notion made him laugh within himself even now.

It was about five in the afternoon, still good daylight, though the day was a dim one. The maid, who was but a maid-of-all-work, and no better than her kind, had taken advantage of the entire absence of supervision, and was out somewhere, leaving the garden-gate and front-door both open. Richard went up to the door with a certain hesitation, almost diffidence, and knocked softly. He did not want to have any one come, and it was a relief to him when a sufficient interval had elapsed without any response, to justify him, as he thought, in going into the house. Then he stepped across the threshold, casting a glance behind to see if any one outside observed him; and seeing no one, he went in — first to the little parlour, which had been "cleaned up," fortunately, that morning. It was a strange little room, as I have already said, with tokens in it of instinctive good taste struggling against circumstances. Richard closed the door behind him, and looked round it with a curious irregularity in his heart's beats. He sat down, somehow not feeling equal to anything more, and gazed at those little familiar evidences of the kind of being who had been living here. It was, in reality, Dick who had left his traces all about, but Richard Ross knew nothing about Dick, and had at the present moment very little curiosity as to that

unknown and unrealized person. He thought only of *her*: somehow Val's description, at which he had laughed with-in himself so often, and at which still he tried to laugh feebly, seemed less impossible here. A lady might have lived within these four walls, at the little window which looked out upon the river. The arrangements of the room—its books (which no one read), its pretty carvings and nicknacks (for which Dick alone was responsible)—fitted into the conventional idea of a poor gentleman's tastes, which even Richard, though he ought to have known better, had received into his mind. The embroidered shawl which covered the little table caught his eye as it had caught his mother's—he, too, remembered it; and that undoubted sign of her made his heart beat loudly once more.

He seemed to be all alone in the solitary house—there was not a sound: he had come in and taken possession, and nobody offered to interfere with him. After a little time, however, he began to realize that the position was rather a strange one; and recovering himself from the curious spell under which he had fallen, he opened the door softly and listened. Then it seemed to him that he heard some faint stir up-stairs. Accordingly he went up the narrow winding staircase, feeling somehow that in this place he could go where he would, that it was not the house of a stranger. He went up, wondering at himself, half bold, half hesitating, and opened the first door he came to. It was the room in which Valentine lay sick—his boy whom he sought. Richard opened the door softly. Everything was very still in it. The patient slept; the watcher, poor soul, in her exhaustion, perhaps was dozing by him, lulled by the profound quiet; or else her brain was confused by the long nursing, and was not easily roused except by the patient, whose lightest movement always awakened her attention. And the light was dim, the blind drawn down, and every possibility of disturbance shut out. Richard stood like one spell-bound, and looked at them. His heart gave a wild leap, and then, he thought, stood still. He recognized Val in a moment, and so perhaps had some anxiety set at rest; but indeed I doubt whether, in the strange excitement in which he found himself, anxiety for Val told for much. She sat by the bedside in a large old-fashioned chair, high-backed and square-elbowed, which made a frame to

her figure. Her eyes were closed, but the intent look in her face which gave it an interest even to the mere passer-by, was there in a softened form, giving a pure and still gravity, almost noble, to its fine lines; the hair was smoothed off her forehead; the white kerchief, which was her usual head-dress, tied loosely about her head; her hands, glimmering white in the partial darkness, crossed upon her lap. Richard stood still, not daring to breathe, yet catching his breath and hearing his heart beat in spite of himself, afraid to disturb her, yet wondering what she would say to him, how she would look at him when she was roused, as she must be. He was much and strangely agitated, but the reader must not suppose that it was any wild renewal of old love, any passion, or even the agitation of longing and tenderness, which so moved him. He was curious beyond anything he could say—troubled by the sight of her, strangely eager to know what kind of being this was. She was another from the girl he had known, though the same. She of time past had been a wild thing out of the woods, not much above birds or other woodland creatures. All her humanity, all her development of mind and heart, had come since then; and of this human soul, this developed being, he knew nothing, absolutely nothing; and a thirst came upon him to find out, the intensest curiosity to know, what manner of woman she was.

All at once she opened her eyes and saw him; but did not start or cry, for, waking or sleeping, Valentine was her first object, and she would not have disturbed him had all heaven and earth melted and given way round about her. She opened her eyes, and saw a man looking at her. She raised her head, and knew who it was. The blood rushed back to her heart in a sudden flood, making it beat hard and loud against her side, taking away her breath; but she did nothing more than rise softly to her feet and look at him. Yes, it was he. She knew him, as he had known her, at once. She had expected him. Without any knowledge where he was, or how he could hear, she had yet felt sure that he must come. And therefore she was scarcely surprised; she had the advantage of him so far. She knew him, though to him she was an unknown creature—knew him ignorantly, not having been able to form any judgment of his character; yet had as much acquaintance with him as her mind was

capable of; while he had no acquaintance with her. She rose up to meet him, and stood wistful, humble, yet with something which looked like pride in her erect figure, and that face which had changed so strangely since he knew it. They stood on either side of the bed upon which their son was lying, scrutinizing each other in that strange pathetic gaze. Were there things to be repented of, even in her dim soul?—I cannot tell. She did not think of judging herself. What she felt was that he was here, that she was in his power, and all that was hers; that she was not strong enough to resist him, whatever he might do; that the known and actual had come to an end for her, and all the future was dark in his hands. A dim anguish of fear and impotence came over her. He might send her away from the boy; he might change her life all at once as by the waving of a wand. She looked at him piteously, putting her hands together unawares; but while she was thus startled into painful life, plunged into the anxious inquietude of ignorance, roused to fear and uncertainty, not knowing what was to be done with her, she was at the same time incapacitated from any evidence of emotion, silenced, kept still, though her heart beat so; speechless, though the helpless cry of appeal was on her lips—because she would not wake Val who was sleeping, and, whatever she might be capable of otherwise, could not, would not, disturb the weary rest of the boy.

At length he waved his hand to her impatiently, calling her to follow him out of the room. He did not know what to say to her. Words had gone from him too, though from other reasons; but he could not stand there, however bewildering were his feelings, looking at this woman who was so familiar to him and so unknown. She followed him noiselessly, not resisting, and they stood together on the narrow landing outside, close to each other, her dress almost touching him, her quick breath crossing his. What were they to say to each other? She was not capable of embarrassment in the simplicity of her emotions. But Richard standing by her, man of the world as he was, was totally helpless in this emergency. His gaze faltered; he turned his eyes from her; he trembled, though only he himself was conscious of it. To be so close to her affected him with a hundred complicated feelings. What could he

say? Faltering, his lips scarcely able to form the confused words, he asked faintly, "How long has he been ill? how long has he been here?"

"Ten days," she answered, briefly. She did not hesitate, nor cast down her eyes. She answered with a kind of despairing calm; for to be sure it was certain he would take the boy away, and she had nothing else in her mind. Her own standing in respect to him—the attitude of his mind towards her—her position in the world as it depended on him—all these were nothing to her. She was thinking of the boy, of nothing else.

"He has been very ill; what is it? Have you a doctor for him?" said Richard, getting used to the suppressed sound of his own voice. He was speaking like a man in a dream, struggling against some necessity which forced him to say this. It was not what he wanted to say. Had he been able to manage himself, to do as he wished, he would have said something to her very different—something kind—something to show her that he was not sorry he had seen her again—that he was not angry, but came to her with friendly feelings. But he could not. The only words he could manage to get out were these bare businesslike questions, which he might have put to a nurse—only that if she had been a mere nurse, a stranger who had been kind to his boy, Richard would have been full of gratitude and thanks. He felt all this, but he could not help it; and the more he wished to say, the less he said.

He felt this to the bottom of his heart; but she did not feel it at all. She took the questions quite naturally, and answered them with calm simplicity. "The doctor comes twice a day. He'll be here soon. I cannot keep the name of it in my mind. Sitting up of nights makes me stupid like; but when he comes, you'll hear."

Then there was a pause. She stood before him, with her hands clasped, waiting for what he was going to say. She had no thought of resisting or standing on her rights, for had she not given up the boy long ago?—and waited with keen but secret anguish for the sentence which she believed he must be about to pronounce. The door was open behind her. While she stood waiting for Richard's words, her ear was intent upon Val, ready to hear if he made the slightest movement. Between these two things

which absorbed her, she was completely occupied. She had no leisure to think of herself.

But he who was alive to all the strange troubles of the position, at what a disadvantage he was! His embarrassment and overwhelming self-consciousness were painful beyond description, while she was free from self altogether, and suffered nothing in comparison. While she stood so steadily, a tremulous quiver ran through his every limb. He was as superior to her as it is possible to conceive, and yet he was helpless and speechless before her. At last he made out, faltering, the confused words, "Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, I know," she said, with a panting breath. A gleam of light came over her face. "I have known him ever since he was a boy. He's been Dick's friend. No lad had ever a better friend. They took a fancy to each other the first day. I heard his name—it's seven years since—and knew—"

"And you told—Val—"

She gave a slight start, and looked at him reproachfully, appealingly, but made no other reply. This look disturbed Richard more and more. There was in it a higher meaning than any he seemed capable of. He felt that, from some simple eminence of virtue, impossible to him to conceive, she looked down upon him, quietly indignant of, yet half pitying, his suspicions of her. And, in fact, though she was not capable of any sentiments so articulate, these, in a rudimentary confusion, were the feelings in her mind.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "Then he knows nothing? And the other, the younger—he who is with you—"

How he faltered! man of the world, and high-bred gentleman as he was; he did not know how to put the inquiry into words.

"Oh," she said, roused from her stillness of expectation, "don't meddle with Dick! Oh, sir, leave my boy alone! You don't know—no one knows but me—how good he is. He's put up with all my wild ways. He's been willing to give up all he likes best for me; but God's given me strength, and I've mastered myself. I've stayed quiet, though it went near to kill me," she said, clasping her hands tightly; "I wouldn't shame him, and take his home from him. Oh, don't meddle with Dick! He's happy now."

Her entreating look, her appeal to his

generosity, her absolute detachment from all emotion except in connection with her children, worked upon Richard in the strongest way. They moved him as he had never thought to be moved. His heart swelled, and filled with a novel emotion. "Is this all you think of?" he said, with, in his turn, a strange tone of reproach in his voice—"only of the children! when we meet like this after so many—so many years!"

She raised her eyes to him, wondering. I think she scarcely understood what he could mean. Her mind was so deeply occupied with other thoughts, that the tide of feeling which encountered hers was driven back by the meeting. "I'm not clever," she said, in a very low voice. "I'm ignorant—not fit to talk to you."

"But you know me?" he said, driven to his wits' end. She looked up at him quickly, with a strange suffusion in her eyes, a momentary dilation. She did not mean it to be reproachful this time. Then she said quickly—"We'll trouble no one, Dick and me. He's well off, and doing well. If you will let the other stay till he's better—who could nurse him as I would?—and leave Dick alone. I'll trouble nobody, nobody!"

"Myra," said Richard, more moved than he could say. It was not love so much as a strange reluctance to be so powerless—a curious longing to get some sign of feeling from her. He could not bear the composure in her eyes.

She gave a low cry, and made a step backwards, withdrawing from him; and at that moment a faint sound from within the sick-room caught her ear. Her expression, which had changed for the moment, came back again to that of the patient sick-nurse, the anxious watcher. "He's stirring," she said. "He wants me. I mustn't leave him. I've been too long away."

To describe the feelings of Richard Ross when she left him outside the door of the room in which his son lay ill is more than I am able for. Not since she had fled from him at first, three-and-twenty years ago, had there been such a tumult in his mind;—not the sharp tumult of passion and grief, but the strangest maze of embarrassment, pain, defeat, surprise—and yet for the moment relief. Passion was altogether out of his way nowadays—I don't know that he was capable of the feeling; but all the secondary emotions were warm in him. He had been playing with the thought of this woman for a long time, saying *maladetta*,

yet scarcely meaning it — wondering, half attracted in spite of himself, and beyond measure curious to know what changes time had wrought in her, and how far Valentine's unconscious judgment was true. During this long succession of thoughts, his semi-hatred of her as the curse of his life had strangely evaporated, he could not have told how. And from the moment when he had received that first sudden shock which was given him by the little photograph, down to the present time when she left him standing outside the door, Richard had been the subject of a mental process of the most complicated and mysterious kind. From that first simple introduction of the idea of her, not as a past curse, but as a living and known human being, his thoughts had gone through a long dramatic course, picturing her, realizing her, following the unknown line of her existence — making acquaintance with her image, so to speak. She had never been quite absent from his mind since Valentine had re-introduced her to it. He had imagined (in spite of himself) how she would look, what she would say and do — had even pictured to himself how she would meet him, perhaps with terror, perhaps with penitence, with a developed sense of the grievous harm she had done him, and capacity at last to understand how much he had sacrificed for her. If she had grown into an intelligent being, with that look Valentine described, "as if she had once been a lady," — which was so curious, so bewildering a travesty of all fact — this was how she must have learned to feel; and, no doubt, Richard thought her first meeting with him would be trying for both, but most trying for her as the one most certain to betray emotion — the wrong-doer in whose awakened mind all feeling must be more strong. He had opened the very door of the room in which she sat with this expectation — nay certainty — in his mind. Now she had left him, and he stood bewildered, confounded, excited, not knowing what to think, and still less what to do. Was it possible that she had not a thought for him, this woman who had destroyed his life? — no feeling that she had destroyed it? — no desire for his forgiveness, no eagerness to make up, no tremulous impassioned anxiety as to what he would think of her? For all these feelings he had given her credit, and curiously, with an interest which attracted him in spite

of himself, had speculated how she would show them. But now!

After a little pause, Richard Ross, secretary of legation at Florence, her Majesty's future representative to some crowned head, went quite humbly down the little creaking staircase. He knew how to deal with prime ministers, and would not have allowed himself to be put down by Prince Bismarck himself; but he was utterly discomfited by Dick Brown's mother, and stole down-stairs with his heart beating, and the most unexampled commotion in his whole being. When he thought of it, he even laughed at himself feebly, so confounded was he. What was to be done now? He could not steal away as he had come, with no result to his visit. Now that they had met, and looked each other in the face again, they could not part simply with nothing further said. Was it for him to make advances? to propose some ground of meeting? though he was the wronged person, and though she ought in reality to approach him on her knees. When he got down-stairs, he paused again to think what he would do. And it was only then that it occurred to him that his mission here was not to reconcile himself to *her*, but to inquire after Valentine. Strange! He had seen Valentine lying ill — he had even asked questions about him — and yet his son's state, or his son's existence, had made no impression whatever on his mind. In the curious ferment and tumult of his feelings, it occurred to him to remember the half amusement, half pain, with which he had felt two days ago that his mother hustled him off, scarcely having patience to let him eat and rest, in order that he might see after Val; and here was his wife treating him in the same way — thrusting him aside, postponing him altogether! There was a whimsical aggravation in this double slight which made him laugh even now; and then a sudden heat flamed all over his frame, like a sudden blaze scorching him; his wife! He had used the words unconsciously, unawares — not *maladetta*! — not the woman who had been his curse. In the curious excitement of that thought, he went in once more to the little parlour, and sat down instinctively to get quiet and calm himself; and then, catching at the first straw of reason which blew his way in this strange tempest of feeling, he decided that he must wait, now that he was there, till the doctor came.

From The British Quarterly Review.  
EDWIN LANDSEER.\*

OUR English Landseer! Is there not something in the words which touches us with a sense of cordial and expressive rightness? There have been Englishmen too great to be claimed by their country as characteristically her own. Shakespeare, Newton, and one or two more tower in the transcendency of their genius above the level of any national type. Such men have been born in England; but we cannot say that we have the breed of such men. The loftiest inspiration is not hereditary; but there are qualities marking a fine breed of men, as there are qualities marking a fine breed of horses, which may be traced from generation to generation; and such qualities we trace, under wide variations of circumstance, locality, vocation, and individual character, in typical Englishmen. Prompt, brief, energetic, business-like, physically and morally brave, the Englishman of the true island-breed knows what he can do, and does it; knows what he cannot do, and lets it alone; and shuns and shakes from him, as by an electric repulsion, all sluggishness, pretence, dawdling, mawkishness, every form of affectation, every form of cant, every form of humbug. What he pointedly has is clearness and decision; what he pointedly has *not* is pretence and affectation. By his works ye shall know him. The siege of Arcot by Clive, a peninsular campaign by Wellington, a novel by Scott, a canto by Byron, an essay by Macaulay, a statement by Palmerston, a speech by Bright, an army of workmen organized by Brassey, — you say of all these things, "England her mark." No superfluity, no fuss, no bungling, no affectation, — such is the style. It is not a style to be described in terms of indiscriminate panegyric. There are some defects to which it is peculiarly exposed. The justice, which is its main ethical tone, may become hardness; its impatience of mawkishness may degenerate into want of sympathy and of sensibility. But we shall, on the whole, prize it, and be proud of it.

Landseer's painting is simple, manly, intelligible. There is in it no taint or trace of that affectation which has made much of our current poetry and painting a weariness to practical men, and a sickly inspiration to maundering lads and epileptic women and children. Its mean-

ing can reach the general heart, its beauty be seen by the unsophisticated eye. In the Landseer gallery you need no critic or connoisseur with his "oracular sentences of deep no-meaning" to suggest a far-fetched sense for fantastic conceits, no pretentious charlatan, with his affected raptures, to beguile simple persons into the belief that some trick or singularity, portentously ugly, is a revelation of the beautiful. Time was when people could open a book of poetry with the well-grounded expectation of finding in it an intellectual pleasure that would cost no painful effort, a pleasure not the less accessible because of its being communicated in refined language and melodious verse. Now, as has been well said, it takes one man to write poetry and another to explain it. Time was when you might hope to enjoy a picture as you enjoyed a mountain, or a stretch of seashore, or a gently undulating swell of green field, or a sky flushed with sunset. The art addressing itself primarily to the eye, — the art that aimed at being an "eye-music," as Wordsworth called the waving of the interlaced forest-boughs, — could be read by the eye. But since the advent of pre-Raphaelitism and kindred affectations, we have had painters whose most elaborately puffed performances require a lecture, an insufferable, long-winded lecture, to make them intelligible to persons of ordinary education. We do not deny that there was an element of good in pre-Raphaelitism; the return to nature which it represented was pre-eminently good. Those representatives of the movement who have gone beyond it and got rid of its perversities are our leading artists. But it is to the perversely affected men, who have become with every new year only more quaint and mawkish and fantastical, that the coteries have burned the most suffocating incense. Strong, simple, workmanlike, the painting of Landseer was a protest against all this. He did not scorn to be popular with the great body of educated men. But his popularity was based upon sterling excellence, not upon facile artifice or vulgar effect. No man who has any idea of what power of painter's hand is, can fail to perceive that Landseer had the hand and the eye of a master. We cannot without grave qualification praise his colour; his perception was primarily of form, and the foundation of his power was his drawing. But he had the selective glance that discerns in a moment what are the lines of

\* Landseer. — *Works of the Late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.*

character and of life, and with decisive stroke he could place this — this wholly, and this alone — upon his canvas. The masterliness of Landseer's touch can be seen in his earliest drawings; and in none of his works is it more keenly discernible than in his pen-and-ink sketches. As we look at some of these we are tempted to believe that, of all the instruments that can be used by the artist, there is none quite so wonderful as the pen. In his most mature time, with all the appliances of colour, Landseer never set before us deer and dogs more livingly than those which, with a few touches of the pen upon white paper, he shows us in these sketches swimming or struggling in torrents, or standing face to face in mortal antagonism. There is one in which two dogs follow a stag in the water, straining hard to seize their quarry. Landseer was probably less than half an hour engaged upon this sketch, and you could soon count the few lines, dots, jags, and scratches that complete it; yet, from his exquisite accuracy in striking the curves that indicate the motion of the water, and his absolute rightness in seizing the expression of the animals, he makes us fancy that we actually see the convulsive action of the limbs and the heave of the panting bosoms, under the surface. Work like this has more power to summon the imagination of the spectator than the most finished picture. In point of fact, highly finished painting, with its express and limited perfection, has a tendency, even while satisfying the imagination, to lull it asleep. The vistas of the forests, the mists gathering in the hollows of a mountain-range as night comes on, reveal somewhat and hide somewhat, and powerfully stimulate the imagination; but a crystal, or a mathematical figure, does not move it in the slightest degree.

↳ Born into a family of engravers, Edwin Landseer doubtless inherited extraordinary firmness and delicacy of hand and keenness of sight; but it is manifest that he was an industrious and careful as well as a gifted workman, and he appears to have derived pleasure at every period of his life from the mere exercise of his skill. He painted multitudes of studies, none of them slovenly. We said we could not speak of him without qualification as a master in colour; and yet we are prepared to maintain that a good deal of vague nonsense has been talked in depreciation of his gift of colour. By a colourist may be meant either first, one

who can paint with literal correctness the colour of an object as it is presented in nature, or, secondly, one who, when he looks at anything, a tree, a field, a city, a face, perceives its colour in contradistinction both to its lines and to its light and shade, and paints *that*; or one who can invent abstract harmonies of tint. This last is the great colourist; the second is the painter, as distinguished from the draughtsman; Landseer was the first. Though a draughtsman as distinguished from a painter, — though his eye was essentially for form, — he could, nevertheless, paint a dog, a horse, a lion, a deer, a monkey, in colours more closely resembling the colours of nature than any other man. He was no colourist in the sense in which Veronese and Gainsborough were colourists, but he could within certain limits paint the hues of nature. Colour is a grand subject for our modern affectationists. The proof of a gift for colour would, according to them, appear to be that you do *not* see in any object the colour which people have seen in it — since the beginning of the world, and that you *do* see in it colours of which ordinary observers have not a glimpse. If you speak of green grass or blue sea the coteries will convict you of colour-blindness. A genius for colour sees all the hues of the rainbow in the folds of a white sheet or the tuft of a black dog's tail. Landseer did not profess or aspire to this kind of second sight. We confess that we also are deficient in it; and this may be the reason why we are quite sure that the colours of Landseer's lions, tigers and monkeys are more like the colours of the lions, tigers, and monkeys in the Zoölogical Gardens than those of any other painter.

It was only in animal-painting that Landseer possessed consummate skill. In other provinces his efforts are interesting, but we shall not call them masterly. Had he devoted himself to portrait-painting, he would have been a good portrait-painter, and if he had devoted himself to landscape-painting, he would have been a good landscapist; but one branch of the pictorial art seems to be enough to be cultivated with supreme success by any man. Most of Landseer's human faces are defective as compared with his dog-faces and monkey-faces; but one of the loveliest female faces in the world is that of his Catherine Seaton; some of his child-faces are full of feeling; and we are not sure that he ever quite failed to do justice to expres-

sion and feature, except when he was painting by command. In landscape we hardly know what he might not have done in the treatment of strictly natural effect, that is to say in all but the highest imaginative walk of landscape-painting, if he had made it the ambition of his life to excel in landscape. The landscape in the "Challenge" is very grand in the solemnity of the mountains beyond the lake. His conception of the scenery of the Scottish Highlands is original, unique, and in some respects masterly. There is sturdy realism in it; there is true imagination. We have in mind those solitudes, on the tops of the highest Scottish mountains, to which Turner never cared to penetrate, where the deer congregate in the summer months, sheltered from the heat of the sun by the dim, trailing curtains of the mist. Landseer, sportsman as well as artist, loved to track them there, watching the wild, shy, beautiful creatures as they retreated behind the semi-translucent veil. With a true imaginative instinct, he felt the importance of the mist as an element in the weird sublimity of the gray Cairns and Bens of Scotland. The bursts of sunlight through the fog, which kindle here and there, amid the gloom, broad white flames of spectral illumination,—one of the most striking phenomena of Highland scenery,—have not been rendered by any artist so well as by Landseer. The massive, blunt-edged crags, also, either heaped and splintered in picturesque disorder, or breaking through the sward like the skeleton of the hill, are given with boldness of line and solidity of substance. There is true imagination in wavering wreath and filmy cloud, in rugged strength of rock and force of torrent; there is no merely imitative or photographic work; but we are spared, on the other hand, all childish ideal of giddy precipice and impossible peak. The crags are big stones; the hills are swells of earth, boned with rock and mantled with sward or shaggy with heather, rather than mountains. All this is true to the character of the Scottish Highlands. We shall form no just idea of the genius of Landseer if we fancy that he was capable only of becoming an expert in one field of art. But the main channel of his energy—that to which everything else was secondary or episodic—was without question animal-painting.

He began, as seems to have been universally the case with important men,

with severely accurate, closely realistic work. The "White Horse in Stable," painted when he was sixteen, is a hard, honest, unassuming record of what the Hon. H. Pierrepont's white horse was like. Landseer's pictures of horses at this period fetched ten guineas, and the price was not too little for works unlighted by a ray of imagination. The painstaking lad paints every stone on the stable-floor, every mark and stain on the horse. He puts in a cat. Something must have suggested to Landseer that there was an indissoluble connection between cats and horses, for he painted them as associates all his life. But the cat of the stripling sits demure on the stall in the background, the cat of the painter of sixty is much improved in colour, and rubs herself against the horse's legs. When he painted this picture Landseer was learning the rudiments of his art, but he was learning them well. He continued his self-training until full freedom of hand was developed, such freedom as is shown in the astonishing sketches of Paganini; and this was retained by him until the failure of his faculties. He became a consummate master of his craft, and took delight in displays of rapid skill. Once he was kept for a few minutes at some door in Windsor Palace, waiting the convenience of the queen. To pass the time he seized a pen and dashed off two sketches of little dogs. And what little dogs! Not only as like as life, but full of quiet, racy humour. One of them, seated on its haunches, has a suppliant look, and holds in its mouth a card inscribed with the name "E. Landseer." The other looks to the door, listening eagerly for some footstep to assure him that he has not been quite forgotten. We don't know whether Sir Edwin was kept waiting at doors in Windsor Palace *after* he executed these symbolical works! On another occasion her Majesty asks him to give her some idea of the hippopotamus, which had just arrived in the Zoölogical Gardens. He scrawls and blots on a piece of paper for five or ten minutes, and hands to the queen what he has produced. There are no fewer than four vividly characteristic sketch-portraits of the creature, swimming in its bath, standing knee-deep in water, or lying becalmed upon its side ashore. In one morning, working from memory, he dashes off full-length likenesses of the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Constance Grosvenor, giving the entire outline of

both figures, and putting in many of the details of dress and feature. He never finished the picture, but it possesses great interest as exhibiting his velocity and audacity of hand. In twelve hours, working without intermission, he painted a full-sized portrait of Odlin, a mastiff bloodhound; and if, by protracted manipulation, he might have thrown more of atmosphere round the dog and mellowed into softer beauty its somewhat hard and arid colour, he could not have added to the vitality of the beast.

There are, we suppose, few capable of deriving any considerable pleasure from art, who do not delight to trace the line, subtle, swift, and sure, of a masterly draughtsman. Many, therefore, must have derived enjoyment from the mere technical skill displayed in the works we have mentioned, and from such simple, but admirable drawings as those of the Geneva series. They were executed in line, with a few pen-touches here and there, and slightly tinted. We call them the Geneva series because several of the most delightful of them were done at Geneva, but we include all those of the same style drawn, apparently in a single tour, in 1840. They are curiously, not altogether pleasantly suggestive in connection with Landseer's latter work. They afford us something like a line of demarcation between his early style and what may be called his fashionable and drawing-room period. They go far to prove that he might have been greater still if fashion had not cast her enchantment over him. In these Belgian and Swiss sketches he reveals a sympathetic perception of the picturesque in peasant-life, a feeling of the mournful grace and rugged kindliness which a seeing eye can detect in the association of man with his brute fellow-labourers of the furrowed field and the rugged road. In those rough-coated, raw-boned horses hanging their heads in the stall after their day's work, in those sturdy peasants, too brave to be down-hearted, too heavy-laden to be gay, which rest their tired limbs in the cart or venture on a little clownish love-making at the well, in those broad muzzled draught-oxen, those knowing mules, those serviceable-looking dogs, there is a depth of interest, a hold on human life, that make us recall with a very mixed feeling the winners of the Derby, the favourite hunters of Dukes of Woodenhead, the spaniels much admired by this or that Royal Highness, which were elaborately painted in subsequent years

by Sir Edwin Landseer. The series of studies exhibited by Mr. Wells is another astonishing demonstration of his technical skill. We cannot understand how any one can look at these studies and yet affirm that he was not a colourist in the sense of being able to transfer to canvas any hue of beast or bird. Every variety of animal texture; fur and feather, and shaggy hide; sleek marmot, brindled lion, downy softness of white rabbit and harsh splendour of tiger, iridescent glow of pheasant's breast, delicious mottling of woodcock's wing and cool grey of teal and ptarmigan, green glistening flame of drake's neck and dark stippled russet of the grouse, roguish sparkle of fox's eye, crisp hair of skye terrier, and gloss and curl and tuft of hound and retriever; these, with every touch and tint that goes to body forth the deer from hoof to horn, were within the grasp of Landseer. On a purely technical matter we would not speak dogmatically, but to our thinking Landseer's sleight-of-hand in the management of colour reached its climax, first in the reclining tiger in the Van Amburgh picture (the one with the lamb in it), and again in the Brazilian monkeys in her Majesty's possession. The light in both of these instances seems not so much to rest on the fur as to shimmer over it and through it, and in the monkeys particularly, as a kind of electric quality — as if it would sparkle when you rubbed it — which, to us at least, is very wonderful. The monkey-picture is exquisite also in its humour. The startled yet fascinated and scientific curiosity with which the little creatures, perched upon the pineapple, eye the wasp among the leaves, — they would like excessively to investigate the mystery, but cannot make up their minds that it would be safe, — is very amusing; and if Mr. Darwin, in his book on the relation between man and the lower animals is no fabulist, their expression is so true to monkey-nature, that we almost wonder the picture escaped the great naturalist as an illustration and confirmation of his remarks on the dawning of curiosity upon the simian brain.

We cannot agree with those who hold that Landseer's technical skill deteriorated in his later period. His eye retained its keenness, his hand its delicacy and strength, until the first approach of decay in physical power. In the "Piper and Nutcrackers," a late picture, the touches on the neck of the bullfinch, and on the fur of the squirrels, and the whiskers of

one of them, are as firm and fine as he ever laid. Landseer, in the second half of his career, painted many subjects unworthy of his powers, but his hand did not lose its cunning. It is the blunder of hasty thoughtlessness to fancy that powerful painting means painting of strong and violent gesture. The contrary is nearer the fact. It is the painting of softness that requires consummate strength. It demands less mastery to paint fighting dogs, and hunted bears, and snarling lions, than to realize on canvas the tenderness and trustfulness of animal life. Talking, however, of snarling lions, we may say that, in an "early study" of a lion by Landseer, numbered 238 in the recent exhibition of his works, we noticed a promise of imaginative strength which he did not fulfil. The lion, large as life, snarls fiercely, and in the angry and angular zigzags of the cliff beside there is a quite Turner-esque sympathy with the expression and aspect of the jaws. This is perhaps not the solitary indication to be found in Landseer's early works of purely abstract imagination; but, on the whole, his later manner was an improvement upon his earlier one. He could give the photograph of a horse or cow about as well at twenty as he could at fifty; but at fifty he could paint air, he could give a sweet, mellowing ripeness to all his lines, he could paint, not only the anatomy of animals, but their souls. This he could not do at twenty. It is to the earlier period of Landseer's art that the pictures which we must pronounce unworthy of him chiefly belong. In these he seems to have vied with Snyders, whose coarse hand did not deserve such homage from Edwin Landseer. He was betrayed into painting one or two such subjects as the "Otter Hunt." Workmanship more masterly can hardly be conceived. Not only are the dogs marvellously lifelike, and, crowd of them as there is, sharply individualized, but the huntsman, who holds the writhing otter aloft on the spear, is most dramatically rendered. His thickset form and stalwart limbs, and rude strong face, suit his calling; and, as he bids the dogs keep down, you seem to hear his hoarse accents amid the yelling of the hounds and the rush of the stream. No right human interest or enjoyment, however, can be associated with the agonized writhings of a small animal that has no chance against its enemies; and Landseer appears to have lost liking for the picture, never finishing the companion work. He

passed on to nobler subjects, leaving it to others to paint the ferocity, terror, pain, and rage of the animal creation.

But we have said enough of Landseer's command of his implements. Painting is, after all, but a language, with more vivid and beautiful vocables than ordinary speech. Mastery in painting can no more constitute a man a great artist than mastery in grammar can constitute a man a great author. This is an elementary truth, yet people are constantly forgetting it; and even Mr. Ruskin who, within the first twenty pages he ever gave to the world on art, laid it down with exquisite lucidity and precision, and who has never in terms abandoned it, has talked in successive books, more and more as a drawing-master and less and less as an art-critic. The fact is that, generally, perhaps invariably, consummate power of hand in painting has been the pledge, and therefore might be made the test, of higher power. Between the touch of Titian and of Holbein, of Gainsborough and of Turner, and the feeling, imagination, invention of those painters, there has been a connection. But is it not true, also, that there is a connection—a pre-established and absolute harmony—between Shakespeare's language and Shakespeare's thought? Yet do we not recognize a distinction, a deep and just distinction, between mere grammatical criticism of his dramas, mere discussions of his spelling, punctuation, and words, and criticism of his ideas, his characters, and the general articulation and modulation of his mighty works? "Commas and points they set exactly right," says Pope of the grammatical critic. Goethe did not concern himself with Shakespeare's commas and points; many could have spoken of these things better than he; but he was a better Shakespearian critic than any of the ninety and nine grammatical pedants who have left their names on the walls of Shakespeare's palaces. The studies of good painters—their exercises in the grammar of their art—are so difficult to execute and so interesting to look at, that critics constantly talk as if studies could be works of art. Landseer's studies are so masterly and look so like pictures, displaying, in fact, as much power of mere touch as his works of art, strictly so called, that they afford the critic an excellent opportunity of discriminating between the artisan's power of hand and the artist's power of creation.

The principle of the distinction is sim-

ple. A drawing or a painting becomes a work of art in proportion as the spirit of man is breathed into it,—in proportion as it is charged with feeling, thought, or imagination. The stamp of humanity may be slightly impressed; it may in landscape-art be little more than choice of subject with the faintest irradiation of feeling: but the image and superscription of man every work of art must wear.

Classifying the pictures of Landseer by this test we find that, putting aside studies, we have to consider, in ascending order, first, his animal-portraits and show-pictures; secondly, his works of humour; and thirdly, his works of pure and great art.

If it is but seldom that the portrait even of a man or woman becomes a true picture, valuable to the world as well as to relatives and friends, still more rarely can we look for a work of art in the likeness of a dog or a horse. When a dog has been a friend, however, and when the painter has so felicitously suggested the simplicity and sincerity, the limited but faithful sympathy of doggish friendship, that every observer can comprehend in some measure what it was to its master, a dog-portrait may be admitted to a place, though but a lowly place, within the temple of art. It is almost cruel to tell the hundreds of proud possessors of portraits of horses and hounds by Landseer, that their treasures can with difficulty be admitted to be pictures at all; but when we call to mind the time and energy squandered by this consummate painter in perpetuating the features of nags and lap-dogs our sensibilities become steeled upon the subject. The court and the drawing-room had too much, as we have already hinted, of Edwin Landseer. Princes and nobles petted him, and so they might; for with unapproached grace and brilliancy, he realized for them all that is piquant, sportive, and fascinating, in the companionship of the wealthy and high-born with the unreasoning creatures. Dogs nestling beside infant princesses; tiny horses snuffing at flowers in hands of royal children; courtier-like hounds casting a languid eye upward for the touch or glance of a queen; minute spaniels with glossy fur and gem-like eyes, making themselves cosy on silken cushions; ducal children on dainty ponies; pretty horse-breakers with the horses they have broken, *à la* Rarey, lying vanquished on the straw;—it is a curious phase of our modern life, and has been realized to perfection.

Of Landseer's show-pictures, illustrative of regal and aristocratic life in the nineteenth century, "Windsor Castle in Modern Times" is the most striking. This was the centre of, perhaps, the densest crowd in the exhibition, and is, without question, one of the most popular and, in its way, imposing pictures he ever painted. A century hence it will possess historical interest, for it is a felicitous illustration, one might say elucidation, of that species of sovereignty which won the hearts of Queen Victoria's subjects, that sovereignty which is a gracious and home-bred idealization of English domestic life. The palace is a pattern of what the great body of Englishmen, not the specially cultured, not the pre-eminently gifted, but the great body of well-to-do people, ordinarily educated, would like their houses to be. The Prince Consort, good-looking, highly dressed, is seated; his costume is fanciful, his features are what many ladies would call charming, but are not suggestive of brains. Her Majesty stands; the eye would possibly fail to be rivetted on her features, but could not miss her white satin gown. Sir Edwin was incapable of satire on such an occasion, otherwise we might have thought that he meant to eclipse royalty in the glories of royalty's satin gown. Her Majesty has a nosegay in her hand. A prattling princess, pet dogs, a dead pheasant and other dead game, are near the exalted pair. A flood of sunlight pours in through the open window; beyond we see the lawn with flower-beds cut in the trim English fashion; an invalid is being rolled round the walks in a chair. On the whole, one cannot but wonder that there is so little feeling in the picture; everything is evidently there for show; the prince in particular, whom we know to have been a solidly able, thoughtful man, is done injustice to in that coxcomb dress, in those dancing-master legs. The little princess is much the best of the human figures, but she is slightly painted in comparison with the dogs and game. Not thus did Velasquez and Titian work upon princes and princesses,—but could Titian and Velasquez have improved the dogs on the floor or added to the intense yet softened glow of the pheasant on the table? Granting that the fondness of Queen Victoria for animals has some importance as one among a thousand proofs of that affectionate nature, that good heart, that capacity to enjoy the simplest pleasures, which have contributed to make her be-

loved, we are, nevertheless, compelled to maintain that this is but a furniture-picture.

And so the regret which we formerly expressed returns upon us. If Sir Edwin Landseer has shown us all that the dog and the horse contribute to relieve the tedium, or to lend picturesqueness to the pageantry of aristocratic and princely existence, we cannot forget that the companionship and service of the lower animals are more to the poor man than to the rich, and that the element of earliness thus obtained is of essential importance in lending interest and true dignity to art. Devoting himself during a great portion of his life to horse-painting and dog-painting for the upper ten thousand, Landseer inevitably subjected himself to some extent to the evanescence, the glittering superficiality, in one word, the frivolity of fashion. Why do not critics, instead of impertinently lecturing painters on the methods of their craft, or extolling the perverse ugliness of conceited singularity as if it were a revelation of beauty, say something to emancipate artists from the bondage of fashion? It is a base and joyless bondage, depriving the artist of that consciousness of honest devotion to the beautiful, which is to him, if he be a true artist, what courage is to a soldier, honour to a gentleman, and faith in God to a minister of religion. Wherever life is in earnest, art can thrive. Immortal pictures have been painted from street-beggars. Send an artist to the steppes of Russia, where half-tamed, half-starved horses, driven by half-savage peasants, struggle through the stream that crosses the moorland track, and he will paint memorable pictures. But where fashion smirks and ogles, struts and chatters and shows off, killing the sense of beauty with her patches and hoops, her bustles, chignons, dress-coats, there is art's Sahara. There the artist must be either a palsied slave or a revolutionist,—he has no further choice. Fashion did as little evil to Landseer as, under the circumstances, was to be expected, but we cannot think without bitterness of the extent to which it actually prevailed against him. It lay in him to be a Morland with ten times Morland's mastery of hand and delicacy of feeling, a Morland without Morland's clownish bluntness and torpid incapacity of thought. It lay in Landseer more than in any man to have made us feel all that his cow is to the cottager, all that the staggering old horse is to the staggering

old man beside whom, in carrier's wagon or farmer's cart, it has trudged for many a weary year. How well could we have spared a few of Landseer's drawing-room dogs, if he had shown us one good watchdog baying his master deep-mouthed welcome as he drew near home! How well could we have dispensed with cover hacks and glancing race-horses, if he had painted for us but one old English farmyard;—a pair of well-boned, work-stained teamsters being unyoked in the warm evening light, the cows in act of being turned out after milking, shiftless calves getting into everything's way, vivacious young pigs nuzzling in the litter, the barn-door cock strutting about among reverential hens with those airs which caught the eye of Milton, and the pigeons on the glorious brown thatch, the iris on their burnished necks and bosoms sparkling in the western sun. Let us not forget, however, that if Landseer painted too many fashionable pictures he did not paint these alone.

By his pictures of humour, we mean such works as "The Travelled Monkey," "Laying Down the Law," "High and Low Life," "Dignity and Impudence," "Jack in Office," "The Catspaw," and many others. All the world has seen and enjoyed these, and they are too frequently regarded not only as eminently characteristic of Landseer, which they are, but as exhibiting his highest power as an artist, which they do not. We have heard it remarked by an epigrammatic critic that Landseer's power consists in putting human eyes into dog's heads. Even Mr. Ruskin, who has on more than one occasion done frank justice to Landseer, seems to fall into the mistake of founding a general estimate of his art upon his works of humour.

In our modern treatment of the dog [says Mr. Ruskin] of which the prevailing tendency is marked by Landseer, the interest taken in him is disproportionate to that taken in man, and leads to a somewhat trivial mingling of sentiment, or warping by caricature; giving up the true nature of the animal for the sake of a pretty thought or pleasant jest. Neither Titian nor Velasquez ever jest; and though Veronese jests gracefully and tenderly, he never for an instant oversteps the absolute facts of nature. But the English painter looks for sentiment or jest primarily, and reaches both by a feebly romantic taint of fallacy, except in one or two simple and touching pictures, such as "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

If Titian and Velasquez never jest, the fact is a proof of the limitation even of their imperial faculties. All human moods trim between laughter and tears, and all minds which if great, are great enough, and if little, are healthy, are dowered with sympathies for both. The world gets sadder as mankind grows old, and we can dispense with few things so well as with arch and genial humour. Englishmen of all men are last called upon to apologize for jesting. Our great men, the lawgivers of our literature and of mankind, have dearly loved a joke. A greater than Titian or Velasquez can never be solemn and severe for three pages on end. His Falstaffs, his Aguecheeks, his Marias, his Launces and Launce's dogs, his Malvolios, his Dogberries, his grave-diggers, have set generations on a roar, and comedy laughs consumedly in the corner though tragedy in sceptred pall sweeps by. Old Chaucer throws his heart into nothing half so much as a jest; he holds his sides and shakes with mirth, his intense enjoyment forcing you into a kind of a sympathy, although the fun is pretty sure to be miles away from modern mentionability. Scott, when at his best, is almost always quietly but cordially laughing. Burns had an eye for comical doggishness so true that his descriptive word-strokes in "The Two Dogs" may vie in graphic felicity with the strokes of Landseer's brush. No great man is a humorist only, but the greatest men are all humorists. English humour, in its light caricaturing mood, was never more charmingly displayed than in the works of Cruikshank, Leech, and Doyle, and it is a vein of the same national quality that shows itself in the gentle satire of Landseer. Of course he deliberately assumed, in this class of his works, the liberty of the caricaturist. He "oversteps the absolute facts of nature;" and he does this, not in the earnestness of the highest imagination (which it is the prerogative of sovereign art to do) but in play; therefore, his work in this kind is secondary. If, however, he has elsewhere risen above humour, if he has occasionally produced works of the highest order—his efforts in humour attest the healthiness and modesty of his nature, the width of range, not the insignificance of his genius, and merit admiration rather than contempt. He has not, we say, confined himself absolutely to the facts of dog-life and monkey-life; but what caricaturist, what fabulist, has with skill so subtle adapted the facts of animal

life to suit his purpose, or modified them less traceably? Who shall draw the line between animal character and human character, in such marvels of delicate irony and racy fun as "The Travelled Monkey" or "Jack in Office"? Who shall say wherein the dogs of high vulgarity and of low vulgarity, the dogs of dignified reserve and of insolent familiarity, the sycophant dogs, the official red-tape dogs, the wise Lord Chancellor dogs, the greedy dogs, the sentimental dogs, the puppy dogs, the good dogs, pass beyond the canine frontier, and ascend or descend into mere humanity? For our own part we never feel more deeply Landseer's exquisite and comprehensive knowledge of the lower creatures than when we carefully take note of his use of dog gesture, and dog expression and dog propensity, to point his human moral. In no instance are his dogs more human than in the "Jack in Office;" but every one of the troop has a look and demeanour not only markedly his own but characteristically doggish, and even the sycophant, who hopes with truly human whine and self-humiliation, to beg his way into Jack's favour and a share of the good things, has an irrefragably canine look about the paws. One of the very finest works in humour that Landseer ever executed is "The Travelled Monkey." The painting is as minute in finish as Meissonnier's, with a spirit and vitality of touch which Meissonnier does not approach. There is delicious fun in every part of it; in the grave self-importance, the polished, condescending stateliness of the scarlet-coated coxcomb—in the exquisitely discriminated expressions of the other monkeys, respectful admiration, worshipful reverence, envious wonderment—and in the group of mother and child monkeys in the corner, the mother clasping her little one to her breast with one hand, and holding up the other as if deprecating the approach of this dazzling and dangerous meteor, which might strike her infant blind. Does this corner-group contain a first suggestion of the pathos which, a quarter of a century later, became a leading motive in "Our Poor Relations"? We ask the question, rather thinking that the answer ought to be affirmative, but with considerable hesitation on the point. In "Our Poor Relations" the sick baby and its disconsolate mother are principal; the swarthy doctor in the background, though there is the purest comicality and fine satire in the serene complacency with which he

regales himself on the oranges provided for the invalid, is secondary. This also, however, is a picture of humour, and if, on the ground that pathetic humour is by nature higher than comic humour, it is maintained to be Landseer's best work of the kind, we shall not argue the question. To the same class we assign the "Highland Nurses," painted about the time of the Crimean war, and dedicated to Miss Nightingale. A wounded stag lies dying on the hill; two hinds hang over him, licking his wounds. This is a work of humour, because the action of the hinds is frankly impossible, but the humour is tragic, not comic. Landseer's pathetic vein was very delicate and sometimes deep.

These pictures, illustrative of animal emulation of human courage or faithfulness, or of animal mimicry of human vices and foibles, may have a not merely accidental or fanciful connection—M. Taine would probably insist upon this connection as corroborative of his fundamental principle of literary philosophy—with the historical characteristics of a period when science makes it her proudest boast to have unveiled those secret bonds of relationship by which, according to Darwin, Haeckel, and Huxley, the whole family of living things is linked together. Those in which Landseer depicts animals as human pets or playthings have a general tendency to foster that kindness of regard for the lowlier creatures in which people of the present day, not, perhaps, so theologically orthodox or metaphysically aspiring as former generations, may claim to have realized some small moral improvement. The rich man will be all the kinder to his dogs and horses, the sportsman will be all the more willing to dissociate his pleasure from the infliction of pain, for having looked upon the pictures of Landseer. But unhappily it is not at the hand of the rich man that the animal creation suffers most. The field-sports of civilized men imply protection, and it may be gravely questioned whether the creatures preserved for sport are not, on the whole, gainers from being hunted by man. It is from the poor that horses and dogs suffer most. A hard life—it is a stern fact, but indisputable—does not commonly soften the heart, but steels it to callousness and cruelty. The man on whom fate's strokes fall thick finds a miserable relief in passing on the blow to the slave, still more helpless than himself, that can-

not return it. Landseer has pleaded with the shepherd for his dog, but he might have done more to bespeak gentle treatment for the horse.

We have spoken of studies, portraits, show-pictures, and pictures of humour; we now approach the most important works of Landseer. These may be ranged in two classes. In the first we include such works as "The Arab Tent," "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," "The Challenge," "The Sanctuary," "The Maid and Magpie," and several others. There is in them no important thought, no great energy of imagination, no humour, but there is an unmistakable love of the thing painted, and there is realization of as high abstract beauty as is ever attained by Landseer. Perhaps, of them all, "The Arab Tent" approaches nearest to a show-picture, and yet, if you compare it with the "Windsor in 1842," you will perceive that Landseer felt, in the one case, as an artist whose delight is in his work, and, in the other, as an accomplished decorator producing, to order, a furniture-picture. "The Maid and Magpie," is a typical work in this class. The cow is painted with an idealizing softness of tint peculiar to Sir Edwin's mature time, which is consistent with perfect veracity of delineation. The entirely spontaneous and unaffected attitude of the girl, resting her head on the side of the cow while the milking goes on, announces with simple expressiveness the terms of mutual trust and affection on which the two stand with each other. The eye of the maid is on the magpie, and the bird knows it; the sly, shy, thievish dart at the spoon gives us a glimpse into the very heart of the mischievous thing—a magpie-biography in a touch. This, we fancy, is one of the pictures in which dull critics detect "the effeminacy" of Landseer's later manner; as if it were not a higher achievement to paint the soul of a cow than its anatomy!

The second class in this highest division of Landseer's works contains those on which we should, in the last resort, base his claim to be considered a great artist. First of all we take that picture which Mr. Ruskin selected, thirty years ago, as illustrating, with expressive eloquence of imagery and convincing clearness of discrimination, the difference between the language of painting and the ideas, or thoughts, or imaginative suggestions, which are the life of art. Mr. Ruskin introduces it as "one of the most

perfect poems or pictures which modern times have seen." Its name is "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright, sharp, touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language — language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life — how unwatched the departure — of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; these are all thoughts — thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of mind.

On two subsequent occasions, within the limits of the same work, "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin has returned to this picture, not withdrawing his praise, but, in the one instance, stating that Landseer had painted "many" such, and, in the other, that he had painted "one or two." Even one or two masterpieces, added to the vast quantity of interesting and precious but not supreme works, which Landseer gave us, would justify our entitling him a great artist; but his works of pure and high art are more than one or two. Nor, all things considered, can we regard "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" as among his very greatest works. It might, we think, have been painted nearly as well by other men. Neither the thought nor the treatment is strikingly original, and it verges towards sentimental fallacy. We see no reason why Mr. Rivière could not have nearly equalled it. But if some men have painted dogs in one or two aspects as well as Landseer, no man ever approached Landseer in painting deer; and utterly alone is his "Random Shot." On the mountain summit, on the virgin snow, the hind, struck by a chance shot, has fallen dead, and the fawn seeks in vain for its accustomed nourishment. It is a picture of which words are singularly impotent to

convey the impression, but the pathos of the scene is infinite, and the treatment is as grand as it is simple. Only the lone mountain-summit: above, clear sky, faintly flushed with evening light, the cold smile of nature over the baby-fawn and its dead mother; around, the snow beginning to freeze hard as the stars come out. It is the hour when the sportsman, whose random shot did the deed, will be sitting down to dine. Nothing breaks the deep simplicity; the artistic breadth, of the treatment; the blood-stains on the hoof-marks in the snow are the sole accessory in the picture. As for the colour, Mr. Ruskin declares it to be "certainly the most successful rendering he has ever seen of the hue of snow under warm but subdued light." In this work Landseer atones, by its pleading and penetrating pathos, for all the countenance, or seeming countenance, lent by his paintings to the thoughtless cruelties of sport.

Another great picture is that entitled, with what we can well believe to have been no affected piety, "Man proposes, God disposes." Again the landscape is wintry, but now we are in solitudes of thick-ribbed Polar ice. The only living things visible are two white bears, prowling for prey. One tears at some woollen fabric, blanket or shawl, which is frozen tight among the ice-blocks beside the fallen and shattered mast. A telescope lies on the snow. The other bear looks up to the icy sky, and snarls and howls, as if disappointed to find no morsel on the human skeleton whose ribs protrude from the snow. The visibility of this skeleton is the one blemish in the picture. It is a homage to the vulgar, of a kind into which Landseer was seldom betrayed. The pathos, the terrible meaning of the work, would have sunk more deeply into the heart without it, for imagination, roused by the frozen raiment and the telescope, would have seen with the mind's eye, keener in its vision than the eye of the body, what lay beneath the snow. But it is a noble picture. Man came here; nature crushed him, and ended him; hungry bears, ghastly, unhappy-looking, forlorn creatures, rend and snarl above his grave. It is the most original and impressive work ever suggested to artist by the tale, sad in its glory, melancholy in its heroism, of Arctic discovery and disaster.

In the "Random Shot" man has been the minister of the pain that is suffered. In "Night" and "Morning," companion

pictures, there is a representation of that mysterious cruelty which recent science has shown to be interwoven with nature's general treatment of her forest children, and of which they are themselves the ministers. In the "Night," strong moonlight shivers through mist-wreaths that trail dimly along the hills in the wind, ruffling up the lake into the stormy spray, and wrapping the landscape in gloom. Two stags occupy the foreground in mutual conflict; their knotted sinews, entangled horns, and bloodshot eyes express the last energy of impassioned rage. In the "Mornings," all is changed. The clouds have trooped away, the wind has fallen, the lake, still as glass, looks up, like a glad, calm face, to take the sunrise. Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of the dawn. The brave stags are dead, their limbs rigid as if cast in bronze, their antlers entangled in the final grapple, their eyes fixed in the last glare of defiance. And lo! there, creeping up the hill, fearless now of hoof or antler, the fox comes to breakfast on venison, and the mountain eagle, winging its way across the lake, will have its share of the feast. So have the monarchs of the glen ended their duel. This is literal fact; a far deeper feeling than humour was in the heart of the painter when he executed the work; it is not fable, but epic.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon "Lost in the Snow," or the admirable picture in which honour is done to the dogs of St. Bernard. "An Event in the Forest," "There's Life in the Old Dog yet," "The Stag at Bay," and many other powerful works illustrate hunting in the Highlands. These are no mere fashionable or show-pictures. Man is by nature a hunter, and the best reputed students of man's history in primitive times are disposed to assign high importance, as one of the influences which originated civilization, to his struggle with wild animals. From the huntsman to the warrior there is but a step. The inherited instincts of sport will not be argued out of us by philanthropists or professors, and it is well that they should not. No difficulty is more genuine, few more perplexing, for the social philosopher and philosophic statesman than to find employment for the leisure of the vast numbers who, in an old and wealthy country, will, unless you cut in before him, be assuredly supplied with work by the devil. Better to have them among the hills, tracking the stag, than spending the whole year amid the enervating luxury, and reeking sen-

suity, and fostering scandal, and bitter cynicism, of great cities. The sports which Landseer loved, and which he ennobled by his incomparable treatment, were not the cockney despicabilities of sparrow or pigeon shooting, or the dreary butchery of battue-shooting, or the patient ineptitude of punt-fishing. The splendid trout in the "Bolton Abbey" were taken by an angler who cast his fly across the tail of the stream as he stood on the slippery stones of the torrent. The man who can stalk the red deer from corrie to corrie, from ridge to ridge, until, after many an hour, he gets a practicable shot, will have the wiry sinew and steady nerve of a veteran campaigner.

The versatility and felicitous cleverness of Landseer are well shown in his illustrations of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania and Bottom, and the faery-land of elves and enchantments, in which the poet of all the world conceived them, have not been represented with kindlier sympathy or quainter fancy; but though the feeling and humour of the pictures are faultless, they fail signally in colour, and are better in the engravings than in the originals. It is, indeed, but just to say with reference to these and scores of other marvellous engravings, that the genius of Thomas Landseer deserves to be mentioned along with that of Edwin. Once or twice the latter ventured into the region of allegorical painting, and his success renders it almost matter for regret that, probably from his own modesty, possibly because of the rudeness of critics, he did not oftener attempt such flights. His "War" and "Peace" are true poem-pictures. In "War" all is narrowness, horror, fire-eyed gloom and pain,—a glimpse, through battle-smoke, into the mouth of hell. Horse and horseman lie crushed in ghastly ruin below the rampart-breach or battery, the fierce flame of cannon bursting out beside them. "Peace" is all spaciousness and serenity; unfathomable blue of summer sky, broad cerulean mirror of summer sea, swell of green sward and nibbling of lazy sheep. How magnificently this is contrasted with the walled-up darkness and murky rage of "War"! The lamb crops the green blade that has grown in the throat of the rusty gun; there are glad children sporting in front; the gordian knot of the hour is the thread-puzzle on the child's hands, which needs no sword to cut it. This is sentimentalism, is it? and we are to have no conceptions

of war and peace more gracious than Rubens helps us to, with his contrasts of tigers and fat women? Why so? Simplicity and intelligibility are no disparagement to power, and we shall take liberty to admire and to *feel* strong and sweet and expressive imagining, though there be nothing in it coarse or repulsive, nothing wire-drawn, far-fetched, trivially conceited, or obscure. It is one of the affectations — more properly, perhaps, one of the stupidities — of our pretentious critics to sneer at popularity; but in no respect was Landseer truer to that English character which we claimed for him at the outset than in the brilliant fascination which made him, not only in England but throughout the civilized world, the most popular of modern painters. A clear, frank, ingenuous simplicity — a lucid freshness, as of morning air — has been an attribute of typical English genius. Shakespeare is, in proportion to his depth, beyond all comparison the most popular of authors. Pope and Dryden in poetry, Reynolds and Gainsborough in painting, have the same manly sweetness, the same unaffected and simple pleasantness.

Landseer's power, except in so far as it was born with him, rested upon direct and constant study of nature. He was, first of all, as we said, a draughtsman; his eye was for form rather than colour. He would have been a consummate engraver; he was a good sculptor, and might, had he devoted himself to sculpture, have been one of the greatest of modern times. Of composition, except in one or two of its simplest and most important principles, he had little grasp. When his feeling was strong enough to call up his imagination in her power, he composed always with breadth, sometimes with grandeur; but when his imagination was but half-roused, as in a few such failures as the "Flood in the Highlands" and "Swannery attacked by Eagles," he over-crowded his materials and became flashy. He had no abstract, conscious system, his instinct generally keeping him right. Only one English painter has combined with perpetual, faithful, life-long study of nature a system of composition as abstract and imaginative in landscape, as the system of the great Venetian painters was in historical and sacred art. We of course allude to Turner. Landseer was not a supreme intellectual and imaginative painter like him who designed the "Liber Studiorum;"

but in his own walk of art he stands alone. No one ever painted the lion, or the dog, or the monkey, so well as he; no one ever approached him in painting the deer. He might have done more for the horse, which, indeed, still waits its painter, but no other English artist has done so much. He is a notable figure in the historic group of the Victorian age; one of the darlings of his time, with Dickens, Macaulay, Palmerston, and a few more, whom their countrymen felt and feel to be English of the English. He was not earnest beyond the earnestness of a prosperous, peaceable, highly-civilized man and generation, and if the sour critics will sneer at the time as sentimental, he must come in for his share in the sneer. A sentimental age, no doubt; so sentimental as to turn from the agonies of fighting-cocks and fighting-dogs, nay, to call street-dogs, and oppressed horses, through the lips of Baroness Coutts, "dumb fellow-citizens;" so sentimental as to feed and educate ragged homeless children instead of hanging them; so sentimental, though capable of Inkermann and the suppression of a Bengal mutiny, as to despise the brute courage of the ring; a sentimental, gentle-mannered time, in which deep drinking, and boisterous profane talk, and rude horse-play of practical jesting, have ceased to be fashionable; in which domestic purity is widely prevalent; in which graciousness of demeanour, and sincere pleasure in the happiness of others, are diffused more widely through society than at any other period in the history of England. A thorough Englishman, Landseer painted what a clear, keen, unaffected eye, looking straightforward, saw in the creatures and scenes he loved. Of theory, of system, of long-winded fuss and affectation, he was conspicuously free, unmistakably impatient. He lived wholly in the concrete. Nelson's strategy, — to find the foe and sink him or take him in tow, — Wellington's sharp decisions and brief words, — is there not something akin to these in the bright, rapid energy of Landseer's painting? When he failed, he failed frankly; he never botched or bungled. Our painting may go on to better things, or it may not; but never on the walls of the Royal Academy will be kindled a light more picturesque in its comeliness, more gentle in its power, than that which faded from them when the brush fell from the hand of Edwin Landseer.

From The Sunday at Home.

# THE LAKE OF GENNESARETH, AND TIBERIAS.

THE road from Nazareth to Tiberias leads over the low ridge which bounds the valley on the north-west, across a broken table-land, and through the village of Kenna, regarded by geographers as the traditional site of Cana in Galilee. Sefurieh, the ancient Sepphoris, is passed. It played an important part in the heroic but unsuccessful resistance of the Jews to the Romans under Titus, and hither the Sanhedrim retired after the fall of Jerusalem. The battle-field of Hattin is likewise distinctly seen, where the last great battle was fought between the Crusaders and Saladin, issuing in the total destruction of the Christian army and the establishment of the Moslem power in the East. The hills which enclose the lake soon come into view, but the lake itself is not seen till we reach the summit of the steep descent which leads down to Tiberias, a thousand feet below us. The clear, blue, placid waters lie in a deeply depressed basin nearly seven hundred feet below the level of the sea. Some geologists have supposed it to be the crater of an extinct volcano. More careful investigation, however, proves that this is a mistake. It is but a part of that long line of depression which, starting from the sea-level near the Lake Huleh, sinks down along the whole Ghor or valley of the Jordan till at the Dead Sea it has reached the unparalleled depth of thirteen hundred feet. The lake is about thirteen miles in length, by about six or seven in breadth at the widest part. The mountains on the eastern side rise to a height of two thousand feet, but they are flat and monotonous, destitute alike of colour and of foliage. The scenery has neither the bold outline of the Swiss lakes, nor the rich verdant loveliness of our own. The tamer ports of Windermere, stripped of their glorious mantle of forests, would give a not unapt illustration of the shores of the Sea of Galilee. We do not read that our Lord ever entered Tiberias. The reason is doubtless to be found in the fact that it was practically a heathen city, though standing upon Jewish soil. Herod, its founder, had brought together the arts of Greece, the idolatry of Rome, and the gross lewdness of Asia. There was a theatre for the performance of comedies, a forum, a *stadium*, a palace roofed with gold, in imitation of those in Italy, statues

of the Roman gods, and busts of the deified emperors. He who "was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," might well hold himself aloof from such scenes as these. Modern Tiberias is a village of about two thousand inhabitants. A large proportion of these are Jews, who regard it as one of their holy places and have here a rabbinical school. It is filthy and squalid, beyond even the average of eastern towns. From the swarms of vermin with which it is infested, the Arabs have a proverb that "the king of the fleas lives at Tiberias." Wilson says that on spending a night here he was literally covered with them, and plucked them from his coat by handfuls. In common with other places in the valley of the Jordan, it suffers severely from earthquakes. In the great shock of January, 1837, the Turkish walls which surround the town were shattered, and in many places laid prostrate. As, under the present government, nothing is ever repaired, the fortifications remain in the dilapidated condition in which they were left nearly forty years ago. Northward from Tiberias the hills on the western side slope gently down nearly to the edge of the lake. The strip of shore is of extraordinary fertility. Though now uninhabited and uncultivated, it is easy to believe that the glowing descriptions of Josephus were in no degree exaggerated. In about an hour after leaving Tiberias we find the hills gradually recede, leaving a broad open plain — that of Genesareth. The only sign of human habitation is a cluster of mud hovels near the water's edge. There are a few remains of other buildings, one of which seems to have been a watch-tower (Migdol). A palm-tree rises from the centre of the village, and a few thorn-bushes cluster round it. The modern name Mejal reminds us that this was Magdala, the place where our Lord came ashore after feeding the multitude on the opposite bank, and the home of Mary Magdalene. Into the disputed question as to her history we do not enter here. We know how great a debt of gratitude she owed to her Lord, who had delivered her from demoniacal possession in its most aggravated form; and how fondly and devotedly she attached herself to his service, ministering to Him of her substance, waiting at his cross, present at his entombment, watching at his sepulchre, and first to welcome her risen Lord when He had burst "the bonds of death" and "led captivity captive."

